THE

Modern Story-Teller;

OR,

GENERAL ENTERTAINER:

BEING

A Collection of merry, polite, grave, moral, entertaining and improving Tales and Novels, all entirely new, and never before printed; calculated for the general Uſe and Benefit of all Degrees of People, of whatſoever Sex, Age, or Opinion; and each Story embelliſhed with a proper Motto, from the moſt approved and celebrated Authors.

The whole is

Illuſtrated Occaſionally, with SONGS, SATIRES, POEMS, and LETTERS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wiſdom, and the Man that getteth Underſtanding.—For the Merchandiſe of it is better than the Merchandiſe of Silver, and the Gain thereof than fine Gold.—She is more precious than Rubies: And all the Things thou can'ſt deſire, are not to be compared unto her.

Prov. iii. 13, 14, 15.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, on *Cork-Hill*, 1752.

THE

Modern Story-Teller.

VOL. II.

INGRATITUDE and PENURY rewarded.

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime,
And in this thankleſs World the Givers
Are envy'd, ev'n by the Receivers.
'Tis now the cheap and frugal Faſhion,
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worſe than ſo,
It now an Artifice does grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Leſt Men ſhould think we owe. Cowl. Pind.

SO much hath been already ſaid on the unpleaſant Topic of Ingratitude by abler Pens than mine, and ſuch a general Deteſtation of it is held by all Degrees of People (even Ingrates themſelves, when it proceeds not from them) that I conceive it almoſt a Preſumption in me to attempt any Thing here from myſelf on that Head; and, therefore, I ſhall, without further Preamble, make the beſt of my Way to the Bulk of my Tale; which my Readers will find, is to the immortal Honour of the Memory of a certain eminent Man, whom I am afraid, hath not left a great many Equals behind him: And, leaſt any of my worthy Readers ſhould take Umbrage at this Suggeſtion, I will depend on their Pardon by telling them

them, that the noble Perſon meant in the following Story was the late Ld Ch——r T—lb—t.

Inſtead of the true and proper Names of the Perſons and Place hereafter mentioned in this Hiſtory, I ſhall now beg leave to follow the Method I have already uſed all through this Work, in giving them ſuch fictitious ones as I think moſt proper. And ſo I proceed.

The Reverend Mr. *Painwell* had been Curate of the Vicarage of *Goodland* about twenty Years, when the Incumbent, his Maſter, died; and the Preſentation being in the Gift of the Lord Chancellor, the good Curate thought it expedient, without Loſs of Time, to attempt the Intereſt of his Lordſhip towards his continuing in the Curacy: And, to that End, he made all the Expedition up to *London* that he was capable of; when he found Means of conveying to his Lordſhip his humble Petition for that Purport, which was couched in very nervous but modeſt Terms, ſetting forth the Bulk of his Family, the Income of his former Allowance, and whatſoever elſe he might conceive moſt needful to the furthering of his Suit. His Lordſhip, when he received this Petition, contrary to the common Cuſtom of other great Men, not only read it, but alſo conſidered and remembered it. So that now being applied to by ſome Perſon of greater Intereſt and leſs Merit for the Living, his Lordſhip generouſly made Mr. *Painwell*'s Requeſt one Condition of the Obligation, before he would abſolutely confirm his promiſe to the new Incumbent. Said his Lordſhip,——I have received Information that the preſent Curate has officiated in the Pariſh upwards of twenty Years, that he is very well liked by his Pariſhioners, and has a large Family to maintain. The Allowance he had from the late worthy Incumbent was 50 l. *per Annum*, beſides the Perquiſites of Marriages, Chriſtenings, Funerals, *&c.* Now if you will ſecure him the ſame Benefit for his Life or your own, which ſhall firſt terminate, the Vicarage ſhall be yours.

Here Mr. *Gripecant* (for ſo we ſhall call this worthy Gentleman) became quite ſilent, and, at the ſame Inſtant,

ſtant, diſcovered to his Lordſhip ſome viſible Signs of his Diſapprobation, but finding it requiſite to return ſome Anſwer, he addreſſed his Lordſhip to this Effect.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip, Sir *Humphry Teazum*, my moſt worthy Patron, aſſured me, that your Lordſhip had peremptorily promiſed him the Living for me, ſo that I had, upon the Credit of this Aſſurance, agreed with a Gentleman to officiate there, as my Curate; I know him to be a deſerving Man, and he aſked me no more than 30*l.* a Year; ſo that if I ſhould conſent to your Lordſhip's Requeſt in Behalf of Mr. *Painwell*, it will be giving a good 20 or 30 l. a Year out of my own Pocket; which I hope your Lordſhip will be pleaſed to conſider and excuſe.

Why, replied his Lordſhip, I am very well informed that this Living is not worth leſs than 400 l. *per Annum* to the Vicar, and, therefore, I think you may very well afford fifty out of it for another to do your Duty for you: and who has alſo a large Family to maintain out of that poor Sum. But, however, as it is of ſo weighty concern, I would have you conſider of it thoroughly, and let me ſee you again To-morrow Morning, by which Time I will likewiſe weigh it more nearly myſelf.

Here the good Doctor made a very low Bow, and took his leave; filled with great Hope that he ſhould get quit of this heavy Impoſition, or weighty Taxation, which his Benefactor had ſo earneſtly recommended to him. But he was no ſooner gone from the Preſence of his Lordſhip, than he began to canvas the Matter thus, — Here is a Perſon ſollicits me for a Gift which is equal to an Eſtate of 400 l. *per Annum*; but as there is a certain and unavoidable Duty require for this Income, as a ſmall Return of Gratitude for this Obligation, I beg to recommend a worthy, needy Man, who has a juſter Title to it, that he may take the whole Trouble off his Hands for the Eighth Part of the Income only; and which Eighth Part can but juſt keep his poor Family from ſtarving, yet this poor contented Man begs it as a Favour, and will, doubtleſs, look

upon the Obligation in a grateful Senſe: His Modeſty, his Induſtry, his having been ſo long a Servant in the Place, and the Want of his Family, thoroughly convince me that it will be better and more juſtly beſtowed on this honeſt, painſtaking, well-meaning Man, than on that other griping Hypocrite.——This being the Effect of his Lordſhip's Reflection on the Matter, we ſhall now ſhow our Readers the Conſequence of Mr. *Gripetant*'s next Morning Viſit. As ſoon as he ſent up his Name to his Lordſhip, he was ordered to be brought before him, when his Lordſhip demanded of him, whether he had conſidered and determined his forementioned Requeſt concerning Mr. *Painwell?* To which he replied,——That if he inſiſted upon it, he could not diſpute his Lordſhip's Pleaſure; but he did aſſure his Lordſhip that it was giving away 30 *l.* a Year out of his Pocket, purely to oblige his Lordſhip.——O, Sir replied my Lord, I would by no Means deſire any Thing ſo unreaſonable. We may, perhaps, find out ſome Method to avoid ſuch an Obligation.

You have aſked me a Favour, which I was willing to grant; I, in my Turn, required of you another, which you thought proper to refuſe. Now, as I had not abſolutely confirmed my Favour to you, till I had gotten your Anſwer to my Requeſt, I think I have the ſame Reaſon to deal by you, as you have done by me, and then the Obligation will be quit on each Side. But, however, to ſhew you that I will yet outdo you in generoſity, if it be poſſible, you muſt underſtand, Sir, that I am determined upon my Honour, to beſtow this Living of *Goodland* upon Mr. *Painwell*; and as you have refuſed me the Favour of allowing him the clear Sum of 50 *l.* a Year, for ſerving the Office of Curate, if you think well of accepting that Office yourſelf (although you thought it too much for him to live upon) I will take upon me to promiſe for him, that he ſhall advance that Sallary for you, 10 l. *per Annum*; and which, Sir, in my Opinion, is a much finer Compliment than you have yet rendered me.

This hard-hearted Diſcourſe of his Lordſhip made the poor diſappointed Doctor to ſtare, like one poſſeſſed

ſed of an evil Spirit. But my Lord's Re-aſſurance of his Determination in Behalf of Mr. *Painwell*, left but very little room for any further Diſpute on that Head; ſo that the generous Doctor we will ſay took his Leave with as good a Grace as the preſent Circumſtance of Affairs would well admit of. But how ſhall we expreſs the good Curate's Joy, when his Lordſhip ſent for him, and aſſured him, that he had actually appointed him to ſucceed his late Maſter as Vicar of *Goodland*. And our Story may ſtill add, that he had not now more real Joy to import to his Family, than his Lordſhip had Pleaſure in beſtowing it, where he wiſely conceived it ſo very well deſerved, and likewiſe ſo greatly wanted.

The GENTLEMAN and the PAINTER.

So very like a Painter drew,
That ev'ry Eye the Picture knew;
He hit Complection, Feature, Air,
So juſt, the Life itſelf was there.
No Flattery with his Colours laid,
Nor Bloom reſtor'd the faded Maid. Gay's Fab.

MR. *Gay*, in the Fable from whence I have borrowed my above Motto, tells us, that his Painter, while he copied Nature, could neither gain Employment nor Reputation, 'till at length, reflecting ſufficiently on the Follies and Weakneſs of Mankind, he reſolved rather than ſtarve, to ſympathize with, and humour them. To which End he procured a *Venus* and an *Apollo* to be Standards for his Cuſtomers of both Sexes, to paint from; and which Scheme fully anſwered his End; for though his Pieces were all fair, blooming, beautiful, and ſweet, let them be drawn for what kind of Perſon ſoever; black, brown, ſwarthy, ſquinting or deformed never ſo much, yet, all were ſatisfied, and believed the Painter had done them no more than Juſtice. By this Means he grew rich, and acquired a

moſt

moſt extraordinary Character and Buſineſs. From this, and the Obſervations I have made in Life, I would beg leave to obſerve to my Readers, that Flattery and Deceit are ſo much adored, amongſt all Degrees of People, that plain Honeſty very rarely dare ſhew her Face; or, if ſhe does, ſhe muſt be ſure either to aſſume the Hero or the Bully to defend herſelf, as the Painter is forced to do, in the following Tale. But I would further obſerve, that before any Perſon conſents to ſit for their Picture, they ought to reflect, that they are then going to raiſe a laſting Monument to their own Memory; and that, in after Times, according to the Character which they leave behind them at their Death, their Memory will either be revered or diſpiſed, by every Eye that views it.

Mr. *Apiſh*, a Gentleman of a large Eſtate, (who had a particular long, thin Face, and was remarkably ugly in that part) being once choſen at an Election to repreſent the Corporation of *Monkey-Town*, in Parliament, he reſolved in Return, to make them ſome amends for the Honour they had done him; and that they might not forget him in his Abſence, he determined to preſent them with his Picture at full length, to place up in their great Town-hall; imagining, no doubt, that ſuch an agreeable Gift muſt be moſt worthy of their Acceptance. And, accordingly, he took a Gentleman of his particular Acquaintance, who was accounted a very good Judge of Painting, with him to one Mr. *Clar-Obſcura*, the moſt famous Painter in all that Country, and who, indeed, was a very ingenious Man. And demanding of him what he would have for drawing this fine Piece, the Painter anſwered him, fifty Guineas was the loweſt.——Fifty Guineas! replied Mr. *Apiſh*, Zounds! that's a great deal of Money; I did not think you would have aſked me above ten.——Sir, replied the Painter, it is a very common Price for a Gentleman at full length, and I will not undertake it for leſs; but I'll take care and do you Juſtice in it: And ſo far will I inſure it to you, that if I do not do you that Juſtice you expect and require in it, it ſhall be my own loſs. You, doubtleſs, know, Sir, that it is cuſtomary to pay down

down half the Money at the firſt ſitting for the Piece, and the other half when the Picture is finiſhed: So that if you will bring a Perſon or two with you that are Judges of Painting, and they ſhall ſay that the Piece is not well performed, then, Sir, I will return you your Five and Twenty Guineas back again, and keep the Piece myſelf; which, Sir, is as fair as any Man can offer.——To make ſhort of my Story, after ſome little Higgling, the Bargain was ſtruck upon the Terms propoſed by the Painter, as above. But when the Piece was finiſhed, Mr. *Apiſh*, like many other fine Gentlemen, (nay, and fine Ladies too, for that Matter) not believing his Face to be ſo very ugly as it really was, inſiſted it was not in the leaſt like him; and therefore, if he would not alter it, as he ſhould direct him, and to his Satisfaction, declared, he would not have it. The Painter, on the contrary, perſiſted in it, that he had done him ſtrict Juſtice; and that, if he ſhould offer to alter any Part of the Face, he muſt abſolutely ſpoil it; and that it would be to his Diſcredit abroad, and very much damage his Reputation: For that he was certain it could not be altered for the better; and for the Truth of which he appealed to the other two Gentlemen who were with him; for I ought to acquaint my Reader, that he had brought a Couple of Friends along with him, who were to give him their Opinions of the Picture, before he intended to make a Tender of the laſt Payment for it; who did both declare in behalf of the Painter, that the Piece was very well performed, and that it bore a very great Likeneſs of Mr. *Apiſh* in every Feature. But all this would not do; no Argument could perſuade him that the Picture was in the leaſt like him; nor would he ever have it, he ſwore, but inſiſted upon having his Money back again, which he had paid to Mr. *Clar-Obſcura*, at his firſt ſitting for it; who endeavoured the utmoſt of his Power to convince him that the Piece was well executed; but without the leaſt Succeſs. At length, being quite provoked at his Affectation, Ignorance, and Obſtinacy, he determined to be plagued with him no longer; and therefore, he immediately goes to his Buroe, and brings him

him the Five and Twenty Guineas, which he demanded back again.——Here, Sir, (ſays he) is your Money again: And now as the Picture is mine (after I have made a ſmall Addition to it) you ſhall not have it for a hundred Guineas: And if I do not ſell it for more Money, I'll make a Preſent of it to the Corporation of *Monkey-Town*, for an Ornament to their great Town-Hall.——And which, my Reader may remember, was the very Place it was at firſt intended for by Mr. *Apiſh*. —And pray, Sir, what Addition will you make to it, (demands the aforeſaid Gentleman) that will ſo much increaſe the Value of it?———Why, Sir, (quoth the Painter) if you muſt needs know, I intend to put a Tail to it, and then it will be the compleateſt Picture of a fine Baboon in the whole known World; for that is all it wants to make it ſo now.——Damn your Blood, Sir! (cries Mr. *Apiſh*, in a Paſſion) what do you mean by that?——Why, Sir, (replies the Painter) the Piece is mine, and I can do what I pleaſe with it. Suppoſe I have a Mind to put three Tails to it, who ſhall hinder me? I muſt endeavour not to loſe by my Labours if I can help it.——At this, Mr. *Apiſh* began to be plaguily nettled; and turning himſelf about, in a very great Pet, (ſays he) and damn you, Sir! you may put three thouſand Tails to it, if you will, and eat them when you have done; for it's no more like me, than the Cham of *Tartary*.———And ſo, away he and his Friends went immediatety out of the Painter's Houſe. But they were not gone far, before one of Mr. *Apiſh*'s Friends very gravely addreſſed him thus:

Sir, might I adviſe you in this Affair, I would go back again immediately, pay him the fifty Guineas for the Picture, and order him to ſend it Home: For, by Jove! it is very like you; and, to ſpeak honeſtly, it is, in my Opinion, a very well finiſhed Piece. And, if he ſhould, (as he ſays he will) put a Tail to it, (and no Law, that I know of, can hinder him, if he pleaſes) you will become a common Jeſt and Ridicule through the whole Country. I would not for five thouſand Guineas that it ſhould be my Caſe, and leave the Piece behind me. For though I did not like the Picture, I

would

would really pay for it, if I burnt it the next Morning after it came home; for, I can assure you, Sir, whether you think it like you, or not, every Creature that sees it, and knows you, will at first Sight, know that it was drawn for you: And therefore, I would have you well reflect upon the Consequences; the Painter will otherwise gain his Ends, and you by every Body will be blamed and laughed at.

Those Arguments being also backed by the other Gentleman that came with them, after some little Consideration, so wrought upon Mr. *Apish*, that, according to the Painter's Imagination, he returned with his Friends to pay for the Picture. But they were for some time disappointed; for the Painter's Servant assured them, that his Master had locked himself up in his Painting-Room, and had given Orders, that he should not be disturbed by any Body till he had compleated what he was about; so that it was some time before they could gain Admittance: And when they came into the Room where the Picture was, the Painter, to their very great Surprize, had almost finished a Tail to it, which, when Mr. *Apish* saw, he flew into such a violent Passion, that he could hardly command himself, but called the Painter all the vulgar Names he could think of. But the Painter, imagining before they came back what would happen, was already prepared for the Thunder-Clap; and being a Man of a very warm Spirit, he swore as fast as the Gentleman could do, and defied him in every Shape: And, this in a great measure contributed to cool him the sooner; for it is observable, that very often, when two cholerick People rise in a Passion together, they oftentimes contribute by their equal Heat to cool one another the sooner. So it happened here, for the Gentleman perceiving the Painter to be a very resolute Man, and not easily to be frightened, after trying all the Methods he could, at last, offered him the fifty Guineas for the Picture; ordering him to rub the new made Tail out, and send it home directly. But the Painter was no easier to be coaxed, than he was to be frightened; and therefore told him that he would not now take the Money

ney for it; but ſwore, that he was ſure he could make an hundred Guineas of it, if he had a mind to ſell it, for it was now a new Thing; and as he had been at the Expence and Trouble of adding a Tail to it, he would accordingly raiſe the Price of it, and an hundred Guineas was now the loweſt Purchaſe. Here, the Gentleman finding his inflexible Temper, and that he was not to be moved, and alſo reflecting that this Piece of odd Humour was at firſt occaſioned by himſelf, now aſſumed a quite different Kind of Air than he had heretofore done; and, at length, after a great deal of Pains taken, before he could prevail, conſented to give the Painter twenty Guineas more to rub the Tail out again, and ſend the Picture home in the ſame Condition as it was before. Thus were they both reconciled, and all Parties, no doubt, very well pleaſed at laſt.

The Middlesex Justice.

And then the Juſtice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wiſe Saws, and modern Inſtances,
And ſo he plays his Part. Shakeſ. As you like it.

THERE are a Sort of People in the World, who imagine that their own Opinions are ſo pertinent in all Caſes, that to rectify them, or prevent their Errors and Miſtakes, is looked upon as the groſſeſt Impudence and Preſumption that a Man can offer to be guilty of; nay, though the Safety of your own Perſon or Property may at the ſame time be depending on it. But when ſuperior Power and Ability boldly and unexpectedly ſtarts up to defend and maintain the Cauſe, how does the bluſtering Idiot then droop his haughty Creſt, when being ſtript of his borrow'd Lion's Skin, he appears himſelf the native ſimple Aſs?—But when ſuch a one is veſted with Authority, and commiſſioned

commiſſioned to ſit and determine between Man and Man, what honeſt or innocent Perſon is ſafe from the Partiality and Error of his Judgment? Yet, ſuch a one, my Readers will find is the inſipid and bully Hero of the following Tale.

Mr. *Crab Petulant* (an obſtinate, ignorant, ſurly Fellow, and by Trade a Butcher) kept once a large Maſtiff-Dog, who went about the Houſe or Street at Will, and was no leſs virulent than his Maſter. It happened one Night, that two Gentlemen were walking, Arm in Arm, about Duſk, by this puiſſant Butcher's Palace-Gate, when this *Cerberus* abovementioned, ſtood to guard the Portal; and believing they had treſpaſſed upon his Maſter's Manor, immediately reſolved to call them to an Account for it; and therefore, without Pauſe, (as he had done to ſeveral others before) fell upon the Perſon next him, and faſtened upon his left Arm; whereupon, his Friend that was with him, immediately drew his Sword, and diſpatched him in an Inſtant. He no ſooner felt the Pangs of his Death-wound, but he cry'd out for Vengeance, in a moſt lamentable Manner; and his Maſter, hearing his doleful Complaint, flew in a Moment to his Aſſiſtance. There he found him wallowing in his Gore, and the Agonies of Death; and the cruel Murderer with his bloody Weapon in his Hand, rejoicing at the Deed, over his departing Spirit. Which aggravating Sight ſo irritated the Butcher, that he flew for a Conſtable with all the Haſte that Revenge could inſpire him with, and by the Aſſiſtance of his Purſe, ſucceeded Time enough to overtake the Authors of this bloody Act, (I ſay Authors, becauſe in Caſes of Murder all Accomplices or Aſſentors are Principals by Law.) His beſt Friend and Servant was deſtroyed, and Juſtice he would have for the Cruelty of the Deed; he therefore commanded the Conſtable to ſeize them both, and *Vye & Armis*, carries them before a Magiſtrate. When they were brought before the Judgment ſeat, and the mighty Preſident enthroned, whoſe majeſtic Carcaſs weighed about thirty Stone, the Cauſe was laid before him in the following Manner.

May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I am a Houſe-keeper in this Pariſh, and by Trade a Butcher; the Law allows me, by my Profeſſion, to keep a Dog for the Safeguard of my Shop, and an Aſſiſtant in my Buſineſs: but theſe Fellows, may it pleaſe your Worſhip, (I do not know who, nor what they are) without the leaſt Provocation, or ſpeaking one Word, drew out a monſtrous, and cruel Sword, and with it whips my poor Dog through the Body. A better Creature was never bred, and like your Worſhip. I hearing the poor Dog's Cry, run to the Door, and found him expiring, and this Perſon with his vile Sword bloody in his Hand. Now, as I am qualified to keep a Dog, an pleaſe your Worſhip, and am a Houſe-keeper, and a Pariſhioner, and pay Scot and Lot, as they ſay, and Taxes, and Church and Poor, and all that, I muſt deſire your Worſhip to do me Juſtice, and make theſe idle Chaps either pay me for my Dog, or commit them to Newgate.

Marry, that I will, (replies the good Juſtice) or make an Example of them. Pray, Neighbour, (quoth he) what Value do you lay upon your Dog? An pleaſe your Worſhip, (replies the Butcher) I would not have taken 10*l.* for him; there is not a better in the Country; for he would never let any Body come a near my Door, but he was ready to tear them to Pieces. I think they cannot grumble at giving me eight Guineas for my Loſs; and if they do not give me the Money before they go out of the Houſe, I deſire your Worſhip will ſend them to the Devil.

Here the Juſtice gave an awful Nod; and after hemming three or four Times to clear his Pipes, he expatiated upon the Heinouſneſs of the Crime, in the following learned Manner. (And, which is much the Style of a late eminent Judge, whoſe Wiſdom was aſtoniſhing.) —— Gentlemen, as you appear like Gentlemen, I ſhall addreſs myſelf to you with that Title, though by your Behaviour in the preſent Caſe, I muſt own it's more than you ſeem to deſerve. I muſt firſt inform you, that the legiſlative Body, in it's infant Power, (as I may ſay) thought it moſt conducive to the Nation's

Nation's Good, Peace and Tranquillity to ordain, conſtitute and inſtitute in every County and Diviſion in *England*, a Number of learned and judicial Gentlemen to be Juſtices of the Peace, who have not only Acts of Parliament to authoriſe them, but alſo the King's ſpecial Commiſſion, ſigned with his own royal Hand, to impower them to act; and whoſe Power is almoſt unlimitted. By Divine Providence, it hath pleaſed his Majeſty to commiſſion and appoint me one of thoſe Magiſtrates, to hear and redreſs all his Subjects Grievances within thoſe Limits. Now, Gentlemen, here you ſtand before me, accuſed of a moſt cruel and bloody Murder; the Murder of a uſeful and innocent Dog; and though the Murder of a Dog, or Horſe, or any other uſeful Animal, may not be Death by the Law, yet it may be Death and the Devil hereafter. For a certain great Philoſopher (one *Fythagoras*, or ſome ſuch Name) was of Opinion, that Dogs, and all other living Animals, have really Souls, which, at their Deaths, take Poſſeſſion, and are tranſgrated (I think they call it) into other Bodies. Therefore, it is poſſible that in the next State, after Death, you may become either Dogs or Horſes yourſelves. In this Opinion concerning Dogs, the *Turks*, or *Greeks*, or *Indians*, or ſome of thoſe People are of, to this very Day: And thoſe Things conſidered, make the Crime ſtill the greater. Now I ſhall come to the Point; here is an honeſt Tradeſman, that (as he ſays) pays Scot and Lot, and Church and Poor, and every Thing elſe, is qualified to keep a Dog, (and I do not know but it may be of ill Conſequence for a Man that is qualified, not to keep a Dog.) But without any Provocation, or Reaſon given, you have murdered this Dog, and indeed a Dog of good Character; and I, by my Office, have Power to make you ſatisfy him for his Loſs. Are you willing to give him what he demands, or will you go to Priſon? One you muſt do, and ſo take your Choice.

The Gentlemen, as yet, had never opened their Mouths; but here one of them thought it neceſſary to ſay ſomething in their own Defence.—And ſo, Sir, (quoth he) you, as a Magiſtrate, ſit here to judge of

Cauſes by the hearing of one Side only; I ſuppoſe you do not think the old Proverb worth Remembring, that tells us, *One Story's Good till another's told*; you have hitherto been ready to comply with this honeſt Butcher's Demands, without the leaſt Inquiry into the Merits of our Defence. I ſuppoſe you think it enough that he complains, and you hear him, and inſtead of ſearching into the Cauſe, yor are pleaſed to entertain us with a learned Account of the Power of Juſtices, and tranſmigrating of Dogs Souls, as you wiſely call it.

Here the Juſtice flew into a violent Paſſion, and told them, he was aſſaulted in his Office; yet ſince they ſeemed to think he had not acted in a methodical Manner, and done them Juſtice, he demanded what they had to ſay in their own Defence. Zounds! ſaid he, was there ever a plainer Caſe in the World?—Here is an honeſt Man, that by Law keeps a Dog, for the Safety of his Shop and Goods, and two idle Fellows (Pickpockets for ought I know) goes to this Man's Houſe, with Swords, *&c.* and runs the innocent Dog through the Guts. This is the whole Affair, and as plain as a pike Staff; then Reaſon, and Juſtice, and Conſcience, and every Thing elſe tells me, that the Man muſt have Satisfaction made him. Now, what can you ſay for yourſelf? Come, let's hear? How was it? Can you diſprove this?

At theſe Interrogations the plump Juſtice put on his terrible Looks, and adjuſting himſelf in his great Chair, waited for the Defendants Anſwer;—which was as follows.—Sir, (ſaid one of the Gentlemen) this Gentleman and I were walking peaceably Arm in Arm by this Butcher's Door, talking to ourſelves as we paſt along, and all of a ſudden, out ruſhes his great Dog, like a roaring Lion, and faſtens upon the Gentleman's Arm;——in this Manner.——Here the better to inform the Juſtice how the thing happened, the Gentleman run full drive againſt the Juſtice's Chair, and overſet him in a trice; who being of a corpulent Size, rolled about the Floor; and could not get up again, till the two Gentlemen, the Conſtable, the Juſtice's Clerk, and two three or more, with ſome Difficulty recovered him to

his

his Chair. But he was ſo ſurprized and freightned by the unexpected Suddenneſs of the Fall, that he could not recover his Wind for a long Time. At laſt, he called aloud for a *Mittimus*, and commit the Gentlemen he would immediately, nothing ſhould hinder him: With that he demanded his Name in a very haughty Manner; which the Gentleman anſwering——*Highman*——The Juſtice aſk'd him, what, any of the *Highman's* of the North? yes, replies the Gentleman.—What! quoth the Juſtice, are you any wiſe related to the L—d *Highman?* yes, replies the Gentleman, again, I have the Honour to be his Lordſhip's Brother; and the Reaſon why I run againſt your Worſhip's Chair, was, becauſe you aſked me particularly how it was; and you ſeem'd ſo loth to underſtand my part of the Cauſe, that I thought it proper, if poſſible, to drive it into you; and ſo now, Sir, if you think proper to commit me, you may uſe your Pleaſure. And are you really the Lord *Highman's* Brother, quoth the Juſtice again, with great Reſpect and Concern? and being again anſwer'd --yes--he weighs himſelf out of his Chair with about as much Eaſe and Swiftneſs of Motion, as you would lift a Tombſtone, and pulling off his great Beaver, ſtoops with his Hand (but not very low) to ſalute the Gentleman:——My dear Sir, ſaid he, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons that I ſhould diſguiſe my real Opinion and Deſign ſo long; but you ſhall ſee I'll do you Juſtice yet.—Then turning to the Butcher, here (ſays he) you ſorry impudent Fellow! I'll teach you to come here with your canting Tales, about Scot and Lot, and I don't know what; pretending that you kept a Dog by Act of Parliament. Sirrah! does the Law allow you to keep a Dog to tear People to pieces? Why if it had not pleaſed God that this Gentleman had had his Sword with him, this honourable and worthy Perſon, his Friend, here, muſt inevitably have been kill'd by your lawful Dog, as you call him: But if you don't aſk the Gentlemen's Pardon, and make them Satisfaction this Minute, I'll ſend you to Goal, you Villain, I will.

The Butcher (who two Minutes ago ſaw his Cauſe go ſo ſwimmingly, was quite in amaze to ſee the Wind

blow from the oppoſite Side of the Compaſs ſo ſuddenly) ſtood motionleſs and aſtoniſh'd; but being rouzed from his lethargic Poſture by the Juſtice's ſecond Demand in the thund'ring Voice of *Jove* to make the injur'd Gentlemen Reparation; he immediately (for there was no time to loſe) without more ado fell down upon his Marrowbones, begg'd the Gentlemen pardon, and hoped they would not proſecute the Thing any further. —Upon the Gentlemen's declaring their frank Forgiveneſs to the Butcher, the Juſtice tacks about, and gave the Conſtable a Broad-ſide:—And you, ſaid he (to him) you blind, inconſiderate, ignorant Puppy! that can't diſtinguiſh Men of Family and Figure from Scoundrels. If ever I find you guilty of ſuch an Action again, I'll make an Example of you, Sirrah! I will—After this, he diſmiſs'd the Conſtable and the Butcher, with this judicious Charge; that if ever the Butcher kept another Dog, he ſhould keep him always ty'd up, and well muffled, and have his Teeth drawn, to prevent his doing any Miſchief; and that the Conſtable, for the future, ſhould take Heed to know a Gentleman from a Raſcal, or he would teach him, the next time he was guilty of ſuch another Error. Thoſe two diſmiſs'd, after the Butcher had paid for their Diſcharge, he entreated the two Defendents to walk in and drink a Bottle of his beſt Beer; and thus every Thing was ſet to Rights again.

All Covet, all Lose.

Every Man has what's ſufficient at Hand; and in catching at more than he can carry away, he loſes what he had. Fable of Dog and Shadow.

MY above Motto is a moſt excellent and uſeful Admonition, and eſpecially to all greedy and avoricious People, who are not content with what Providence hath bountifully beſtowed upon them, but even

ſtudy

ſtudy how to encreaſe their Super-abundance, by any Means, though never ſo unlawful or inhuman. Fraud, Forgery, Theft, Perjury, Exaction, Treaſon, Extortion, and ſometimes the crueleſt of Murders, are put in Practice, to ſatisfy and appeaſe the unſatiable and ever-craving Appetite of Penury and Avarice. The Flow of Riches to ſome Men, is like adulterated Liquors to a diſtempered Drunkard; the more they have, the more they require; and inſtead of ſatisfying their Want, ſerves only to encreaſe it. To ſuch Men, Providence beſtows her liberal Gifts in vain; and what would prove to other Men, an infinite Bleſſing, proves to them an ever-preying Vulture in their reſtleſs, wretched Minds: But ſome of thoſe Creatures, who thus abuſe Fortune's favourite Viſits, are prompted to tranſgreſs her Laws, more out of Ignorance than Deſign; and ſuch is the Caſe in the following Story:

Patrick Macgrumble, an honeſt *Iriſhman*, going once acroſs *St. James's Square*, picked up a Letter, and breaking it open, he found a Guinea incloſed, with theſe Words: *Dear Friend, I have ſent you a Guinea, in Part of the Thirty Shillings which I owe you; and in Conſideration that the Times are hard, and Money very ſcarce, I hope that this will ſatisfy you. Your's, &c.* The *Iriſhman* having pauſed a little, and read the Letter over twice, expreſſed his high Diſlike of it, in the following Words: *Arah, vat is diſh? Take a Guinea for thirty Shillings! Upon my Shoul, but diſh Man iſh a very great Raſhcal, now, dat he iſh; de Dible burn me, but dey tink dat* Iriſhmen *are Fooliſh. Take a Guinea for thirty Shillingſh, indeed! Fait I will ſhee him at de Dible firſt. I will have all or none, now, dat I will.* —With that the *Iriſhman* wraps up the Letter again and throws it upon the Ground with all the Fury imaginable. An *Engliſhman* that follow'd him at a ſmall Diſtance, happen'd to ſee him pick up the Letter, and being juſt behind him, within Ear-Shot, heard him read every Word in it; ſo that as ſoon as he had flung down the Letter again, the *Engliſhman* pick'd it up, but a little deſpair'd of finding the Guinea in't; but however, to his no ſmall Joy and Surpriſe, there it was: The *Iriſh-*

man

man, who was not yet reconcil'd to the unconſcionable Propoſal in the Letter, of taking a Guinea for thirty Shillings, turning about to look at it, and muttering to himſelf with Contempt, ſaw the *Engliſhman* pick it up; and being very deſirous to know his Opinion of the unreaſonable Requeſt withinſide, halted a little. The *Engliſhman* being very near him, began reading the Letter aloud. As ſoon he had ended it; *Ay, ay*, (ſays he) *'tis very true, the Times are hard indeed, and Money very ſcarce; and therefore I'll take the Guinea for the whole Debt, and forgive you the reſt with all my Heart and Soul*; and up he pockets the Guinea. *Arah, by Jeſuſh*, cry's the *Iriſhman, but you are a Scoundrel, now, that you are; and it iſh ſuch Raſhcals as you are; that make ſho many Rogueſh in the World, for if every body will be ſuch a d—d Fool as you are, and take a Guinea for thirty Shillingſh, de Devil of any body will ever pay any more.*

Conceit can Kill, and Conceit can Cure. A Nostrum.

Fancies and Notions we purſue,
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought.
And, like the doating Artiſt too,
The Image we ourſelves have wrought. Prior.

IT is poſſible, and very probable, that many of my worthy Readers may not be ſo ſufficiently acquainted with the human Compoſition, as to conceive how any Conceit can work ſuch extraordinary Effects; but if they ſhould mechanically conſider the Action of Fear, Joy, Anger, and other Motions of the Mind, they will quickly be convinced that thoſe Productions are the immediate Cauſe of moſt violent Fermentations in the Fluids; and which Fermentations never fail of producing ſome Diſtemper or other in the Body; ſometimes

Fevers

Fevers (in various Shapes); ſometimes the Small Pox; ſometimes the Meaſles; the Chicken, or Swine Pox; ſometimes Hyſtericks; and very often downright Madneſs: And when a Diſtemper is once contracted by Conceit, you have nothing to do but to make the Patient reverſe that Conceit, and the Cure is in a Manner perfected; as my Reader will find was the Caſe in the following Story:

Mr. *Meanwell*, a Gentleman of very good Fortune, and who lived in the Country, had a Son named *Retort*, who had a mighty Deſire of being made a Surgeon; ſo that ſeeing his Mind was bent particularly on that Profeſſion, his Father agreed with one Mr. *Gripiſh* (who had a very great Character, in his Way, all about that Country where he lived; and who followed the Buſineſs of an Apothecary, as well as a Surgeon) to take him Apprentice for Seven Years, and indeed the Youth is very ingenious; and before he was out of his Time, was looked upon to be as great Proficient in his Buſineſs, as his Maſter. His Apprenticeſhip being up, the Friends and Acquaintance of young Mr. *Meanwell*, come to make merry with him, according to Cuſtom; and amongſt the reſt, his Father, of courſe. So it happen'd that when Evening was come, and all were in the Height of their Merriment, the Father of Mr. *Meanwell* addreſs'd Mr. *Gripiſh* thus:——*Now, Sir, my Son has finiſh'd his Apprenticeſhip, I hope you have kept nothing from him that may render him deficient in his Profeſſion; becauſe, as I am perſuaded of his Capacity and Inclination, I ſhould be griev'd to find any thing left undone that might prevent or leſſen his Qualification in the Art he profeſſes.*——*Sir* reply'd Mr. *Gripiſh*) *I believe he is as capable of it as my ſelf, barring that he has not had ſo much Experience; nor is it poſſible that he ſhould. And, for my own part, I have not ſpared to inſtruct him in all that I am capable of, one ſingle Point excepted, and that is a Secret, that I diſcovered myſelf, and which I have ſufficiently experienced; ſo that I would not communicate it to my own Brother, or any body living, except I had ſome Conſideration for it worthy the Diſcovery.*—Mr. *Meanwell*, as we may very well ſuppoſe, was unwilling that

that his Son ſhould want any thing to compleat his Qualifications; and therefore demanded what was the Price of this mighty Secret, which he ſo much boaſted of. ——*Why, Sir* (reply'd Mr. *Gripiſh*) *if he makes a proper uſe of it (and he does not want Senſe, that I muſt needs ſay) it may be better to him than thouſands in his Pocket I look upon it as infallible; and to a Man of Practice and Prudence, it is invaluable: But as your Son has ſerved his Time with me, and has been very dilligent in his Buſineſs, and a very good Apprentice, I will make him Maſter of this moſt uſeful and moſt excellent Noſtrum, for thirty Guineas; and that is the loweſt Price I will part with it for.*——

Mr. *Meanwell* thought this a great deal too much Money to give for a Secret, which he conceived his Son was intitled to, by the Servitude of his Aprenticeſhip, without any further Conſideration; but being very unwilling that he ſhould want any thing that might be uſeful to him in his Practice; at laſt agreed to give him 20 Guineas for it. So as ſoon as the Money was paid, the Apothecary delivered a Recipee of his great and valuable *Noſtrum* to him; and which was no more than this: *Conceit can kill, and Conceit can Cure.* When the old Gentleman ſaw it, he immediately burſt out into a violent Paſſion; ſaying, ——*'Sblood, Sir! is this your mighty Secret that you make ſuch a Rout about? Is this worth twenty Guineas; and which you had the Conſcience to aſk thirty for? D—n it, Sir! this is a downright Fraud! and if you don't return me the Money again directly, the Judges, at the next Aſſizes, ſhall lay a Value on it for you.*——Being in Poſſeſſion of the Money, the Apothecary anſwered;—*Why, Sir, altho' you make ſo ſlight of this valuable Secret (now you know it) yet inſignificant as it may ſeem to you, it has put many Hundreds of Pounds into my Pocket; and if your Son will take Care to bear it in his Mind, and uſe it properly, he may turn it to as good an Account as I have done.*——But this did not at all ſatisfy the old Gentleman; he ſtill inſiſted on having his Money back again; and that it was a downright Cheat. But at length, the Son interpoſed as follows: *Sir,* (ſays he to his Father)

don't

don't make yourſelf uneaſy about the Purchaſe of this ſeeming Trifle; my Maſter has been both kind and honourable to me, during my whole Apprenticeſhip; and I have no Reaſon to believe he would impoſe on either of us. You, Sir, don't underſtand our Buſineſs ſo well as we do: The old Proverb ſays,—Ev'ry Man in his Way,—*And I don't doubt in the leaſt but (as Mr.* Gripiſh *ſays) to make my Account of this valuable* Arcanum; *and therefore, Sir, I beg you will reſt quite ſatisfied in this Point, and leave the reſt to me; the Money ſhan't be thrown away.*—By this Interpoſition of his Son's, the old Gentleman began (to all outward Appearance) to be better ſatisfied: And when the Company broke up, he carried home the young Artiſt along with him; and being always very fond of him, he would fain have had him to have ſet-up in his Buſineſs immediately, in Oppoſition to Mr. *Gripiſh*, whom he ſtill look'd upon to have wrong'd him: But the young Gentleman having a great Mind to travel, endeavoured to ſhew his Father, how neceſſary it was to go to *Paris* for further Experience in the Art of Surgery; aſſuring him, that the beſt Surgeons in the known World were perfected in their Profeſſion at that Place. And, at length, the old Gentleman (tho' with much Reluctance) gave his Conſent. And after preparing him proper for ſuch a Journey, the young Artiſt, to his no ſmall Joy, ſet out. And when he had ſpent ſome Time in the Hoſpitals at *Paris*, he ſet forwards, and made a Tour through *Germany* and *Italy*; and after about ſeven Years Experience, in both Phyſick and Surgery, and having acquired great Improvement, both in his Perſon, Learning and Profeſſion, he returned to *Old England*, with a Reſolution to travel all over it in the Character of a Mountebank-Doctor; and which Profeſſion, at that Time, was in very great Eſteem in both *Germany* and *Italy*. This, accordingly he did with very great Succeſs and Applauſe; and, at length, in the Courſe of his Circuiture, he arrived at the ſame Town where he had ſerved his Time. And here, aſſuming the Name of Doctor *De la Retort*, he made a very great Figure, and acquired alſo a mighty Reputation.

tation. But after he had been there ſome ſmall Time, being one Day upon his Stage, his old Maſter *Gripiſh*, with whom he ſerved his Apprenticeſhip, came pretty near to him, to hear this learned and travelled Doctor harangue a little: But as ſoon as our Mountebank ſaw him, a pleaſant Fancy immediately came into his Head, and he proceeded as follows.

Gentlemen, it is notorious that the Practitioners and Profeſſors of Phyſick in all Parts of England, *almoſt totally neglect the ſtudying of the Sciences; by which they are unacquainted with many curious Obſervations that are known to other Nations, and are of the laſt Conſequence to thouſands of People, who labour under very grievous Maladies. Thouſands of very choice* Arcana *are known to Foreigners, that are not ſo much as even thought of by the Phyſical College in this Kingdom. When I was in* Germany, *I myſelf learnt of a very eminent Phyſician there, a certain* Noſtrum, *or Secret, for real Uſe and Value, ſcarcely to be paralleled in the known World; and which I have often experienced, and never was once deceived in: And ſuch an Art it is, that Millions of Gold is not to be compared to its natural Worth; and which, I'll be bold to ſay, no one beſides myſelf this Day in* England *hath the leaſt Knowledge or Conception of. You may obſerve, Gentlemen, that it is a Maxim amongſt the Learned, that unleſs the Texture of the Blood be formed into a particular State (which is vulgarly called the Habit of Body) It is incapable of receiving or contracting certain Malignancies to affect and diſtemper it: And which Malignancies will prevail more or leſs, according to its vitiated State: All which I grant to be true. But then I ſhall now further obſerve, that as the Face is a palpable Index to the Mind, wherein we may read the viſible Tokens of the inward Paſſions; ſo is there likewiſe certain Signs to be obſerved in the (Face only) wherein we may perceive many Prognoſtics or Symptoms of various Diſtempers approaching; which are then breeding and engendering in the Blood; and which, by ſo knowing them, if they are undertaken with Skill in good time (that is, before they come to the Height, and gain the Maſtery) may, by proper*

per Methods, eaſily be removed: And if they are not ſo diſcovered and dealt with, they may, nay, and very often do, prove the Patient's certain Death hereafter. This great Art and Myſtery, Gentlemen, I ſtudied under a very famous and eminent Student in Germany; *and if I can diſcover amongſt this vaſt Concourſe of People, who at this inſtant ſurround me, any ſuch Perſon whoſe preſent Neceſſity requires my Aſſiſtance; and that, by whom I can prove the Truth of what I now advance, I'll inſtantly point him out, even now, publickly before you all.*

So, having ſpent ſome little Time in ſurveying the Throng, and affecting a very grave and piercing Look, he at laſt pitched upon his old Maſter, *Gripiſh*, the Apothecary, with whom he had ſerved as above; and pointing to him,— 'There *(ſays he)* is a Gentleman, who, I am certain without my Aſſiſtance, in ten Days Time, in this World will be no more: And no other Perſon in this Kingdom, except myſelf, can poſſibly adminiſter any Cure for him. And ſo well do I know the Nature and Cauſe of this Diſtemper, which is now invading his Animal Fluids, that I would have you note, Gentlemen, I now aſſure ye, that about ſeven or eight o'Clock this Evening, he will be firſt ſeized with a Lowneſs of Spirits, reſtleſs all Night; To-morrow, he loſes his Appetite; then a Fever will ſucceed; ſoon after which, it will fall upon his Nerves, and in a ſhort time, it will carry him off. Thus Sir, be pleaſed to remember *(continued he, addreſſing himſelf to the Apothecary)* that I have told you the different Stages and Changes of this your now engendering Diſtemper; and ſeek the beſt and ſpeedieſt Advice and Aſſiſtance you may, you will find (to the very minuteſt Circumſtance) all that I have advanced neither more nor leſs than moſt effectually true.'

Here the People were all very much amazed at this ſtrange Prognoſtication of the Mountebank about their famous Town-Doctor, and were in no leſs Impatience for a Trial of the Iſſue, and the Experience of it. So, when the learned Mountebank had ended all he had a Mind to offer on that Head, he changed his Subject,

and ſo proceeded on other different Things. But the poor Apothecary could not for his Blood put it out of his Head, what the Mountebank Doctor had prophecied, concerning his approaching Illneſs. So, home he goes, and relates to his Wife all he had ſaid on that Head. And ſome little time after, the good Woman perceiving her Huſband pauſing, melancholy, and, ſeemingly, ſomewhat concerned at it, could not avoid ſympathizing a little with him; and, therefore, ſaid ſhe, —— 'My dear, I am ſorry to ſee you ſo grave, I 'hope you do not find the Diſeaſe coming upon you 'already. I ſhould think you are the beſt Judge whe-'ther the Doctor could perceive any Symptoms of Ill-'neſs in you or not; but if I might adviſe you for Se-'curity and Prevention Sake, I would take ſomething '(as you may judge moſt proper) immediately; with-'out loſs of Time.'—'Ay, but, *(replied the Huſband)* 'he told me alſo, that nobody but himſelf could tell 'what to give me that would be of any Service to me; 'and, therefore, if I find myſelf attacked according 'to his Declaration, it will be in vain for me to at-'tempt any Remedy from my own Preſumption, or 'any Body elſe but himſelf.'

Well, from this Moment he began to be very uneaſy in his Mind, and conſequently now his Diſtemper began to take date: And, as about ſeven or eight o'Clock was the Time that the Doctor had fixed for his Lowneſs of Spirits to begin, he was very impatient to ſee what Alteration would appear at that Time; which (when it came) he could not avoid fancying himſelf worſe and worſe every Moment; and very ſoon after, he was ſo exceſſive ill, that he could not ſet up any longer, ſo that to bed he went; and his Diſtemper ſtill increaſing, the next Day (as the learned Doctor had foretold) his Appetite was totally loſt; and the Noiſe of his Illneſs, to the immortal Honour of the Mountebank Doctor, was all over the whole Town. And though he was very unwilling to ſend for him (as fearing it might, in a great Degree, leſſen his Reputation for the future) yet, it run ſtrongly in his Head, that all the Medicines in the World, without his Aſſiſtance, would be of no Service to him.

So

So the next Day a Fever enſuing (as how could it poſſibly chuſe, with a Man who was poſſeſſed with ſuch Notions?) by the Advice of his Wife, and ſome others, he ſent, at length, for the Mountebank Doctor; who, taking no Notice that he had ever ſeen him before (after feeling his pulſe, and asking ſuch Queſtions as he thought proper) told him, that his Diſtemper was of a very dangerous Kind; and that he had never ſeen any Phyſician in England that knew properly how to deal with it; yet, by the Help of the Almighty, he would reſtore him in a very few Days; but that if he did well he would have forty Guineas for his Trouble, and on no other Conditions would he meddle with him. But if he undertook his Cure and miſcarried, then he would forfeit a Thouſand. To this the Apothecary agreed; and then the Doctor repaired to his Lodgings for ſomething to relieve him. Any ſimple Thing we will ſuppoſe (what the Doctor pleaſed) would do: For not the Medicines but the Doctor was to work the Cure. From this Moment he began to mend apace; ſo that to be brief, in a few Days-time the Cure was perfected, and the Doctor, not only received Forty Guineas, but was alſo extolled above the common Pitch of Praiſe. After the Apothecary was perfectly recovered, he wanted ſadly to know by what Rule or Method he could find out an approaching Diſtemper, and be able, and he only, to compleat the Cure of it. He now thought, that if by any Means he could gain this Secret, he ſhould then be happy, and able to vie with any of his Profeſſion in *England*. So after he had made a Propoſal to the Doctor on this Head, for purchaſing the Secret, and a great deal of Pains had been taken about it; he laſt agreed with him for an Hundred Guineas to teach him this curious Art. And when, to his no ſmall Joy, the Bargain was ſtruck, and the Money paid, the Mountebank gave him a Piece of Paper, folded up in very nice Order, and told him, that the whole Art and Myſtery was contained in that Paper. Here, the Apothecary, with very great Impatience, opening the Seal, to his very great Surprize found it to contain nothing elſe but the former *Noſtrum* (and in his own Hand Writing)

which he had ſold before to the Mountebank's Father. So, ſtaring firſt at the Paper, and then at the Doctor, he was for ſome Time quite confounded; till the Doctor, burſting into a hearty Fit of Laughing, aſked him, if he did not approve of the Diſcovery; but the Apothecary was ſo confoundedly aſhamed, that he humbly beſought the Doctor, whom he then knew, not to expoſe him any further: So, by the Documents of his own *Noſtrum*, he was both afflicted and reſtored. and Mr. *De la Retort*, had not now only his Revenge for the former Impoſition, but, by following his Maſter's good Advice, when his Father purchaſed it, he both recovered the Principle, with very good Intereſt for the Time, and had the Satisfaction of returning the Compliment, according to his original Preſcription and Deſert. And thus was this moſt excellent *Noſtrum* properly tried, and experimentally proved *true*.

Good Discipline makes good Soldiers.

The gay young Prig, a Regimental Beau,
With unfledg'd Chin, and double-fledg'd Chapeau,
Swells a huge Mountain of Martial Pride,
'Till check'd by Power, and in Battle try'd;
Then Diſcipline prevails, Effeminence is laid aſide.

Anonym.

NOthing was more common (ſome time ago) amongſt the Soldiery in *England*, than to ſee a Parchment Prig (who perhaps gave little Hopes of his ever inheriting the Eſtate of Common Senſe) lay about him, and beat and abuſe a brave old Fellow (for no Fault) tho' almoſt old enough to be his Grandſire; and who not only knew his Duty, but perhaps had alſo oftentimes ventured his Life in the Service of his King and Country: But I ſhall here preſent my Readers with a remarkable

remarkable Inſtance of a juſt and public Puniſhment inflicted by a right noble Lord upon his own Son, who was one of thoſe ſprightly Heroes abovemention'd.

Lord *Vetran*, a gallant brave Officer in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, procured a Commiſſion for his natural Son (who went by the Name of Capt. *Squib*) in his own Regiment; and on a certain Day it being appointed for a Colonel's Review, young *Squib* had a Mind to ſhew his noble Father that he was a very diligent, ſprightly, forward and gallant Officer; for it happen'd, that as the Men were going through their manual Exerciſe, one of them chanced to tumble his Hat off his Head; but being pretty near this young Hero, and juſt oppoſite the Colonel in the front Rank, Mr. *Squib* whips up to him, with a fine Martial Air,—*Ged Demme! you Raſcal* (ſays he) *can't you Mind what you are about, but you muſt tumble your Hat off your Head? you Scoundrel!* ——With that, having a Cane hanging ready at his Button he takes the poor Soldier a good Stroke croſs the Face, which made his Noſe guſh out a full ſtream of Blood. The good Colonel, his Father, ſeeing all that had paſs'd (tho' greatly amaz'd at his Son's proceeding) call'd him to him very coolly and mildly:—*Jacky* (ſays he to him, *what had the Soldier done that cauſed you to ſtrike him in the Manner that you did?*——The young Captain reply'd, with his Hat in his Hand,——*My Lord, the Raſcal did not mind what he was about; but in the midſt of his Exerciſe, dropp'd his Hat off his Head.* ——*A very heinous Crime, indeed* (reply'd his Lordſhip) *and very worthy Puniſhment. But pray, my dear, how came you to ſtrike the Man in the Face? Suppoſe you had knock'd his Eye out, how could you have repair'd his Loſs?* ——Here the young *Alexander* anſwer'd nothing.—— *Prithee, Son* (continued the Col.) did not *the Serjeant that taught you your Exerciſe, teach you alſo how to correct a Soldier if he deſerved it, like a Soldier? That is, I mean, did not he ſhew you how ſhould you ſtrike a Soldier, if Neceſſity required it?*——After ſome Pauſe, the young Gentleman perceiving that his Father waited for an anſwer, reply'd, *no, Sir*;—*why then* (quoth the *Col.*) *I'll ſhew you*;—ſo catching faſt hold of his left

Hand, in his left Hand, he caned the bright youth about the ſhoulders as hard as he could for two or three Minutes before the whole Regiment.——*There, my dear* (ſays he, very coolly) *that's the way to beat a Soldier for the future, if there ſhould be an abſolute Neceſſity for it: But hark you, Sir, I thought you had been old enough to know that no Officer ſhould dare to ſtrike a Soldier under Arms: Beſides, Sir, as that Man has commiteed no Fault worthy Correction, I'll make you know that you ſhall aſk him Pardon, and make him Satisfaction too, before I have done with you; and, if I ever know that you ſtrike another Soldier belonging to my Regiment while I am in it, I'll bring yon to a Court Martial for it, and puniſh you as you* deſerve. —— Thus the poor Soldier had the pleaſure of ſeeing his pert young Perſecutor ſeverely chaſtis'd before the whole Regiment; and that, without either the Trouble of making Application, or Loſs of Time.

The bold STAFFORDSHIRE GIRL.

Preſence of Mind, and Courage in Diſtreſs,
Are more than Armies to procure Succeſs.

Dry. Aure.

WHEN Innocence is arm'd with Courage, what Power can ſtand before it? The ſtrongeſt (if guilty) is weak and impotent, compared with that; and howſoever degenerate a Man may be in himſelf, yet, I have obſerved he ſtill rejoices at the Vengeance of Divine Providence, whenever it puniſhes any guilty Deed in another, who is not one of his own wicked Companions. This Obſervation perſwades me, that the following Story cannot fail of being acceptable to all my generous Readers. And as it was a real Fact, tranſacted within a few Miles of where I was born, I had the Story from a Gentleman's own Mouth, who was himſelf a Witneſs

Witneſs of part of the following Relation. And tho' the whole Affair was at that Time publiſhed in all the publick Papers, which is now about twenty Years ſince; yet, as ſome of my Readers may probably have heard or read of it, and have forgot it; and others may never have heard or read of it at all; I will venture (for it's Singularity-ſake) to preſent it to them here, and humbly hope it will not prove a diſagreeable Entertainment.

Sucky Ruſtick, a luſty, ſtrong, innocent Country Girl, who had juſt left her Service, and was going to another (in ſome part of *Staffordſhire*) with her Box on her Head, which was filled with her wearing Apparel, *&c.* met in her way a rugged fellow of a Tinker, with a Budget on his Back, and a Quaterſtaff in his Hand; and ſhe inquiring of him the Way to the Village where ſhe was going to ſerve, the Tinker ſeeing her Box on her Head, imagin'd that it might contain ſomething worth his acquaintance; and therefore demanded where ſhe was going with it; She anſwered him, that ſhe was juſt come from her Service, and was then going to another in that Village, which ſhe had enquir'd for: Upon which, the Tinker told her, that he was going that way; and would not only direct her there, but would alſo bear her Company the beſt part of her Way thither,——She thank'd him for his Civility, and on they went together; but when they had walk'd about three quarters of a Mile from where ſhe met with him, they came into a long narrow Lane, and when they were in about the Middle of it, the Tinker commanded the Girl to ſet down her Box; which very much ſurprized and frightened her. For there was in it all the Wages ſhe had receiv'd for her late Service, to the amount of between 3 and 4 Pounds; and after the poor Girl had obeyed him, and trembling beſought him, that he would not wrong her; the cruel Villain, unmoved, returned her threatning and foul Language; with a horrid Tone and Manner, demanded the Key of her: But ſhe, with Flood of Tears (as going to loſe all ſhe had in the World) aſſured him, and perſiſted in it, that ſhe had loſt the Key, or left it behind her; for ſhe had it not in her Pocket. Upon which, he laid down his Quarter Staff upon the Ground;

Ground; and taking down his Budget, he took from thence an inſtrument to wrench open the Box; and ſeating himſelf upon the Ground, fell immediately to work upon it: Which the poor Girl ſeeing, with many Tears and Prayers, intreated him not to ruin her. But who can expect Mercy from the Devil? All her Supplications wrought on him no effect; ſo that when the Girl found he had almoſt accompliſh'd the Buſineſs, in the utmoſt Diſtraction, and Deſpair, ſhe caſting her Eyes around, ſaw his Quarter ſtaff lying by him, which, without further Pauſe, ſhe whips up; and in an Inſtant, before the buſy Tinker was aware of any ſuch Danger or Deſign, ſhe dealt him ſuch a ſevere Blow on the Head with it, as in an Inſtant laid him on the Ground, quite ſtunn'd. The Girl, with this Succeſs, fearing he might yet ſoon recover, and for Revenge, murder her, kept laying on him with both Hands, without Intermiſſion, for a conſiderable time, till ſeeing him wallow in his Blood, and that he ſhew'd no great ſigns of a ſpeedy Recovery. She, trembling with Fear, whips up her Box again upon her Head, and purſues her Journey; but was ſtill in the ſtrangeſt Agitations about what ſhe had done. When ſhe came to the End of the Lane, there was a great Gate that opened and ſhut for Paſſengers and Carriages; and ſhe ſeeing a Gentleman coming in the Road towards her, on Horſeback, ſtaid and held the Gate open till he came through. But as the Gentleman paſs'd by her, he obſerv'd her greatly trembling and confuſed; upon which he ſtopp'd his Horſe, and ſpoke to her as follows:—*I am obliged to you, my Dear, for your good Nature, in opening the Gate for me; but you ſeem to me to be terribly diſorder'd and are trembling. I hope you have done no ill Thing. Who does that Box belong to?*——*'Tis my own, Sir* (replies the Girl) *I am going to a Service, a little further, and theſe are my Cloaths, and other Neceſſaries.*——*But what makes you tremble ſo,* demands the Gentleman?——*Alas! Sir* (ſaid ſhe) *I am afraid I have kill'd a Man. Kill'd a Man!* replies the Gentleman. *How? Where? For what Reaſon? Come, don't be afraid,*

afraid, but tell me the whole Truth; and be ſure you don't tell me more than the Truth.

Here the poor frighted Girl told him all that had happen'd to her, and what ſhe had done to the Tinker. Upon which the Gentleman, after he had heard her Story, greatly commended her Courage—And ſays he, *if all this be true, the Villain has got his Deſert. But come, and ſhew me the Place where this was done, and where he lies, and then we ſhall ſee whether he is really dead or not.* So the Girl went back with the Gentleman: And when they came to the Place, they found the Tinker, as the Girl had reported him, dead indeed, and his Budget open by him, and the Inſtrument of Death, his Quarter-ſtaff, by him likewiſe, juſt as the Girl had left him; for he had never ſtirr'd afterward. So here the Gentleman alighted from his Horſe; and ſearching the Tinker's Budget, found therein (among ſeveral other Things) a brace of Piſtols loaded, and a Whiſtle, which he rightly judg'd was a Call to ſummon his Companions with, upon Occaſion; he likewiſe found Powder and Ball, and a Caliver to caſt Bullets in, that exactly tallied with the Bore of the Piſtols. When the Gentleman diſcovered thoſe Implements in the Budget, he was thoroughly convinced of the Girl's Innocence; and could not ſufficiently admire and praiſe her Reſolutions and Courage. Says he, *my Girl, theſe are ſtrange Tools for a Tinker to work with; and I heartily congratulate your Eſcape: 'Tis happy you are a Woman; for I am perſuaded your Sex has ſaved your Life, as your Courage has done your Property. But as you have already done one bold Action, I would know whether you dare attempt another.*——*What is it, Sir,* demands the Girl? *Why,* replies the Gentleman, *if you have Courage enough to hold this Piſtol and fire it upon Occaſion, as I ſhall inſtruct you, we will try if we can diſcover this Tinker's Companions; for by the Whiſtle, here that I have found in his Budget, I am of Opinion there are more Villains belonging to him.*——The Girl anſwered the Gentleman, if he would ſhew her how, and what ſhe was to do, ſhe ſhould not be afraid, ſo long as he was near her. Upon which, the Gentleman applauding her Courage, ſhew'd

ſhew'd her very carefully how ſhe ſhould hold and manage her Piſtol; and told her when, and upon what Occaſion, ſhe ſhould fire it. After which, poſting themſelves, as he thought moſt proper, he took the dead Tinker's Whiſtle, and blowed a Call; and frequently repeating it in a few Minutes they perceived two more Fellows poſting towards them on Foot, as hard as they could run; upon which the Gentleman admoniſh'd the Girl not to be afraid, but to remember, and do as he had directed her: So giving another Blaſt with his Whiſtle, they made up directly to him; and ſeeing them with each a Piſtol in their Hands (he being directly over-againſt the dead Tinker, on the one Side the Hedge, and the Girl on the other Side the Lane, oppoſite) he gave them an Opportunity of juſt ſeeing their Companion lie dead in his Gore, and then cried out to the Girl, *fire!* which ſhe did inſtantly; but miſſing them, they immediately ſet up a Run, to retreat as hard as they could; but before they had gone many Yards, one of them happened to tumble down, which was occaſioned by a Ball from the Gentleman's Piſtol making its Way quite thro' his Shoulder; upon which, he inſtantly loaded his Piſtol again, and leaping into the Lane, call'd the bold Girl to him, and giving her the loaded Piſtol, bid her ſtay there, and defend herſelf, till he came to her again, which would not be long; ſo charging the other Piſtol, he immediately mounted his Horſe, and purſued the other Villain, and in ten Minutes time came up to him: Upon which he ſurrendered himſelf; and the Gentleman brought him back to the Place where he left the Girl; and there they found the other which was wounded, almoſt ready to expire with the Loſs of Blood. However, he bound the other Priſoner's Hands faſt behind him; and ſtripping the Rein of the Bridle, put the wounded Man upon his Horſe, left the Tinker in the Lane, and carried theſe Priſoners with them to the next Village: There they were join'd by a proper Aſſiſtance, and conducted to a Juſtice of Peace; where the wounded Man being firſt examin'd, confeſs'd of many Robberies that they, in conjunction with the above Tinker, had committed;

not

not only in that County, but alſo in ſeveral others. This Priſoner, ſome time after, died of his Wound in Priſon; and at the next *Stafford* Aſſizes, the other was condemned and executed: For which, the Gentleman that took him, was ſo generous towards the Heroine of our Story, as to give her up his Claim to the Reward for apprehending him; which ſhe received, with many other Preſents from the Nobility and Gentry in that County, for her gallant Behaviour and Service. And now ſhe was ſought after, and courted by ſome of the Top Farmers in that Country; and nothing was worthy being talk'd of, but the Gallantry and good Fortune of the bold *Staffordſhire* Girl: Who was very ſoon after married to a very agreeable young Man, who was poſſeſs'd of a conſiderable Fortune both in Money and Land.

The WELCHMAN and the MONKEY.

Were I (who, to my Coſt, already am
One of thoſe ſtrange, prodigious Creatures, Man).
A Spirit free to chuſe for my own Share,
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any Thing but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo fond of being rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A Sixth to contradict the other Five. Roch.

MY Reader, I may ſuppoſe, needs not to be inform'd, that the Sixth Senſe, mentioned above in my Motto, is meant *Common Senſe*; which being properly uſed and underſtood, amounts to no more than a Compoſition of the other Five; and which, by a perfect and harmonious Conjunction, is ſufficient to enable us to judge for ourſelves in moſt Things that concern us. But the Uſe, the Perfection, and the real Poſſeſſion of this

this ſame *Common-Senſe*, is very frequently both perverted and miſunderſtood: For ſometimes, as my Author obſerves above, it ſeems (in our Imagination) to contradict all the other Five; and which, I don't doubt, but my Readers will imagine is the Caſe with our *Welſh* Hero in the preſent Story; for no one Senſe that he could appeal to, but would have informed him of his Error: And it is juſt the ſame with all Men, who do in any Reſpect give into a Belief of inconſiſtent Ideas, or falſe Arguments. Common Senſe, Reaſon or Underſtanding (which are all the ſame Thing) will, at any time, when properly conſulted, eaſily diſtinguiſh a Reality from a Counterfeit.

Shonny Morgan, a poor *Welchman*, came out of *Wales* with ſome Drovers, to help them to drive their Cattle to Market; and when he came to the Place he was hired to, his Maſter gave him a Guinea, and bid him go get it changed, and he would pay him what was due to him. The *Welchman* accordingly took the Guinea, and went directly to a Chandler's Shop, which was the firſt likely Place that preſented itſelf for poor *Shonny*'s Purpoſe. In this Shop there was a great Monkey tied, who ſat diverting himſelf with eating an Apple: To whom the *Welchman* addreſſed himſelf as follows; *An't plaſe your Orſhip, can you, I pray you, pe ſo kind as to change a poor* Welchman *a Kinney?*——Here the Monkey ſeeing him hold the Guinea towards him, ſmacked his Chaps and worked his Head at him; which the *Welchman* underſtood was to give him the Money: And, thereupon, with ſome Diſguſt throws it down upon the Counter, ſaying,——*What a Name o' Got was hur think hur was not have a Kinny about hur? There is hur Money, look you, and a coot Coolden Kinny it is as any in the Orld.*——Upon which, the Monkey directly whips it up, and puts it into the Till, as he had often ſeen his Maſter and Miſtreſs do before. The *Welchman* waited with very tolerable Patience ſome time for his Change, but the Monkey not offering to give it him, he began to wax in a Paſſion, and demands in ſome Heat——*Got pleſs you, my goot Maſter, either pe ſo goot as to giff me my Change, or elſe giff me my own Kinny again:*

again: It is not like a Shentleman to ſheat a poor Stranger of hur Money.——But ſtill no Anſwer could he get to his Sollicitations, but Chatter, without Words; which put the *Welchman* into a very great Paſſion.——*By Got!* (ſays he) *you are a Fillain, and tamd old Rogue! And if you don't giff me my Money again, I will have a Orant for you, and carry you afore a Juſtice o' Peace and a Mayor, for a tamd old Togg and a Sheat!*——While the *Welchman* was making this Splutter, in comes the Maſter of the Shop, and with ſome Surprize at the Noiſe he had heard, demanded of *Shonny Morgan* what was the Matter?——*By Got, an't pleaſe your Orſhip* (replied the *Welchman*) *here is this dumb old Roke, your Father, has got my Kinny to change, and will not giff me either my Change or my Kinny again, look you: He has put my Kinny into that Hole, and now makes kame at me for it.*——*Who is it, Friend* (quoth the Man) *that has got your Money?*—*Why this old Shentleman, your Father; he is very like you inteet.*—*D--mn your Blood* (quoth the Man) *I'll Father you! Do you come here with your Lies about your Money, you Son of a Whore, and compare me to a Monkey, by calling him my Father? you* Welch *Raſcal, you!*——With that, he ſnatches hold of a great Broomſtick, and began to belabour the poor *Welchman*, in ſuch a Manner, that he was glad to get off, and leave his Guinea behind him.

The noble DECEIVER Deceived.

And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence;
Money's the mythological Senſe:
The real Subſtance of the Shadow,
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhips made to.
For Money 'tis that is the great
Provocative to am'rous Heat.
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That Buds and Bloſſoms at Fourſcore. Hud.

THE above Motto is certainly the moſt profound and practiced Doctrine of our modiſh fine Lovers: For it is not ſufficient that a Lady is well deſcended, well educated, good temper'd, a fine Perſon, excellent Genius, and of a ſweet Deportment, but ſhe muſt alſo have either the preſent Poſſeſſion, or the ſecure Promiſe of a very tolerable Fortune to make her worthy of a faſhionable Lover, equal to her Rank: For Marriage is now become a neceſſary Form amongſt the Great, to occaſion an Opportunity of transferring Eſtates from one ſtupid Family to another. When Whores (I ſhould have ſaid Miſtreſſes) ſupply the Places of well-choſe Wives; and Writings of Separation are enjoin'd like the Fruits of a long wiſh'd-for Jointer, it can proceed from nothing but curs'd Avarice and Folly; and which Evils had well nigh ruined our Hero in the following Story.

Lord *Loveleſs*, a young Nobleman of an agreeable Perſon, and a pretty tolerable Eſtate (but who was a little avaricious in his Temper) made his Addreſſes to *Delia*, a fair beautiful young Lady, of no very great Fortune, but of a noble and antient Family. And After ſome ſmall time ſpent in treating on this Head, the Match (with the Concurrence of her Friends, and herſelf)

herſelf) was privately agreed upon; and Inſtructions given on each Side for the Marriage Articles to be drawn; and Preparations were alſo making, according to the Cuſtom of People of their Quality, for the Wedding: When it happen'd, that this young Lord, dining by Chance with Sir *Humphry Wiſe-woud*, an old rich Gentleman, who had always had a very great Regard for his Lordſhip; and not knowing of his Lordſhip's Pre-engagement with *Delia* and having but only one Child, a Daughter, offered him a hundred thouſand Pounds with her in Marriage, provided they could like one another. The Largeneſs of this Sum, had a very great and immediate Effect upon his Lordſhip; and therefore, without making much Account of his Engagement with the lovely and agreeable *Delia*, he thank'd Sir *Humphry* for his kind Propoſal, and promiſed to make a Viſit to his Daughter, in order to ſollicit her Acquieſcence and Conſent towards the ſame Favour and Honour; and, from that hour, being fraught with great Eagerneſs and Affection for this vaſt Fortune, he began to conſider and contrive within himſelf how he ſhould find ſome plauſible Excuſe to break with his firſt Lady, the ſlighted *Delia*. But her Reputation was ſo fair, and ſhe always ſo cautious and amiable in both her private and public Behaviour, that he could gain no eaſy Opportunity of making a Quarrel with her. However, ſince the Foundation was already laid, in order to go on with the Building of this great Work, he made his private Viſits to Sir *Humphry*'s fair Daughter, the innocent and deceiv'd *Cordelia* (for that was the young Lady's Name). And Matters were ſoon ſo far advanced, that his Lordſhip imagined they promiſed a fair Proſpect of coming to a happy Concluſion. But now the appointed Day of Marriage, with *Delia*, began to draw near; and nothing towards his Breach with her, being yet executed, it gave him the greateſt Uneaſineſs imaginable; for the Thoughts of *Cordelia*'s vaſt Fortune, was ſtill uppermoſt in his Mind; and if he ſhould offer to break with *Delia*, without ſome apparent Cauſe for it, he would thereby have much Danger to fear the Law lay open againſt him; and all her Friends

and Relations he knew would reſent the Affront; ſo that the ill Conſequence of it threatned him in many eminent Reſpects. But notwithſtanding all the terrible Inconveniencies that appear'd to him for his Breach, in the moſt ſhocking Colours, he reſolved, within himſelf, let the Effects of it terminate as it might (ſo great was his Thirſt for Wealth) never to marry her; and ſhe on the other Hand, perceiving (as it was now impoſſible to avoid it) ſome Coldneſs and Oddity in his Behaviour, was at a Loſs to gueſs from what Cauſe it could proceed: yet, being conſcious to herſelf, that it was not her Fault, ſhe reſolved to be upon her guard; and in order to find it out, if poſſible, was the more careful not to give him the leaſt Cauſe to diſapprove her Conduct.

But ſhe continued not long in this Maze, ere, to her great Aſtoniſhment, ſhe was inform'd of the Truth of this Secret. For a Lady of her particular Acquaintance being intimate in Sir *Humphry Wiſewoud*'s Family, had there diſcovered the whole Plot, and inform'd her of his certain Negotiation with his other Miſtreſs. This, as my Reader may very well imagine, gave poor *Delia* a great deal of Uneaſineſs; and eſpecially, as I muſt inform him, that ſhe had contracted a very great Regard and real Love for him: But to be brief, the conjugal Day, according to a long Appointment, was now come, and though he had ſome time before ſign'd the Marriage Articles, and having no real Cauſe for Quarrel with her, he determined at all Events, to break with her in a new Way: and, by which Affront, he might indeed very well ſuppoſe, ſhe ſhould either break her Heart with Grief, or otherwiſe ſo reduce her Love for him, that ſhe would never after, very probably, trouble her Thoughts about him. The Bride and Bridegroom being now met at the appointed Place, dreſſed in all their Nuptial Pomp, and every Thing very rich and new, glaring with emulating Luſtre; and all their Friends, who were bidden to the Ceremony, with ſympathiſing Splendor, ſhone in their ſparkling Train, and adding to the gliſſening Show. But he, ſo far from drooping under his black Deſign, that he appear'd

particu-

particularly gay and cheerful; and till the critical Moment, ſupported the tragical Reſerve beyond Expreſſion. For now the Ceremony of the Connubial Knot was ſo far advanced between them, that the Prieſt demanding of his Lordſhip——*wilt thou have this Woman to be thy wedded Wife*, &c.——To the great Aſtoniſhment of the whole Aſſembly, but particularly the poor innocent and affronted *Delia*, he anſwered—*No.*——At this publick, unparallel'd and undeſerved Abuſe, let my reflecting Readers judge of this injured young Lady's ſudden and dreadful Shock; as likewiſe the great Conſternation it cauſed amongſt the reſt of their Attendants; and more eſpecially ſo, when ſhe, in Juſtification of herſelf, demanded of him his Reaſon for putting that publick and palpable Indignity upon her; he anſwer'd that he had a private and ſufficient Reaſon for it, but that, it ſhould, however, continue to be a Secret within his own Breaſt; ſince it only concerned himſelf. But thus much, he ſaid, he would always ſay to the Lady's Honour, and would declare it to the whole World, that through the whole Courſe of his Life and Obſervation, he never ſaw, nor knew, nor heard any one Thing to the leaſt Diſadvantage of her Reputation, yet, he muſt beg her pardon for what he had done, and at the ſame Time, notwithſtanding this extraordinary Step which he was obliged to take, he aſſured her, that he had (without any Compliment) more real Love and Regard for her Perſon, than for any other Living.——But this Declaration, howſoever ſolemn and ſincere, did not ſatisfy the Lady in the leaſt, or any one Perſon that was there; but rather helped to heighten their Wonder and Reſentment. And eſpecially, ſome of them were ſo exaſperated at this double dealing that they were, in a Manner ready to pull him to Pieces; and could think of nothing ſatisfactory, but Revenge.

At length, the abuſed *Delia* (wiſer than all the reſt) after ſome Reflection, thought of a Method to be more effectually even with him; and therefore, deſired the young Lord not to regard any evil Apprehenſions hereafter from any body, on her Account, for that ſhe

would never deem that Perſon her Friend who would proſecute the Thing any further, provided his Lordſhip would acquieſce with her following Requeſt.—'My 'Lord *(continued ſhe)* as your Lordſhip has now 'thought proper to treat me in this groſs and ungrate-'ful Manner, and, at the ſame Time, refuſe to give me 'the Satisfaction of any Reaſon or Cauſe for ſo doing; 'I muſt here obſerve to your Lordſhip, that, although 'the Laws of the Land, upon Application, would cer-'tainly make me ſome Amends; and my Friends and 'Relations, here preſent, ſeem to threaten Revenge, 'and call aloud for Juſtice; yet my Lord, as I am 'conſcious to myſelf, that I am not worthy of the Ill-'treatment you are here pleaſed to preſent me, I am '(notwithſtanding all that can be urged in my own 'Behalf) ready to ſtagnate all Proſecutions and Ani-'moſities whatſoever againſt your Lordſhip on this 'Account, upon Condition you will grant me the im-'mediate Satisfaction of one ſmall Favour: And that 'my Lord is this; doubtleſs, when this ſtrange Refu-'ſal of yours ſhall be publiſhed to the World, all Per-'ſons will readily put their own Conſtructions upon it, 'to the Diſadvantage of my Reputation; yet, my 'Lord, for your Sake, and for the Regard I yet bear 'you, I will content myſelf with all the Malignance 'that may accrue to me, and give you a free Acqui-'tance for ever, provided that you will ſuffer me to 'make a publick Repriſal upon you, in the ſame Man-'ner, and which, my Lord, will only pay you in your 'own Coin, and may perhaps change the Prejudice of 'the World to my Advantage. What I mean is brief-'ly this; as you have done me the Favour, my Lord, 'before this honourable Company, in ſuch an unheard 'of Manner to refuſe me in Marriage, after the moſt 'ſolemn Contract, and have alſo refuſed to aſſign any 'Cauſe for ſo doing, to make me the moſt ſatisfactory 'Reparation I will ever deſire, you ſhall do me but 'the Honour to meet me with the ſame Company, to 'morrow, at the ſame Place (keeping what has paſ-'ſed this Day ſecret) and, as you may conceive this 'Diſgrace to be but of ſlight Conſequence, permit me

'then

'then to return the Compliment, and publickly refuſe 'you for a Husband, as you have now done me for a 'Wife: Which I apprehend will in ſome Meaſure juſt-'ly, or at leaſt, preſerve my Reputation.'

'With all my Heart, Madam! (*replied his Lord-'ſhip; with all the Joy and Readineſs imaginable*) 'I will do that this Minute, if you pleaſe; if that will 'really oblige you, and make you eaſy.——To which the Lady conſented; but ſhe had much to do to perſuade the reſt of the Company to attend them; becauſe they held it the moſt inſignificant Joke that ſhe could have propoſed: But with much Intreaty at length ſhe prevailed; and away they all went together. So that all their Difference being now compromiſed in his Compliance, they began (with the ſame Prieſt) the Ceremony as before. And when he demanded of his Lordſhip if he would have that Lady to be his wedded Wife, he anſwered,—*I will.*——Then the Prieſt proceeded regularly to her Part; and when he demanded alſo of the Lady, if ſhe would have that Man to be her wedded Huſband, *&c.* ſhe anſwered, likewiſe—(to their general Amazement) *I will.*

At this ſudden, unexpected, and pleaſant Diſappointment, all the Company, with the greateſt Joy imaginable, burſt that Moment into a moſt rapturous and immoderate Laugh. And the poor deceived Nobleman, finding himſelf taken in (with the dejected and ſurprized Countenance of a loſing Gamſter) after ſome Pauſe, gave a Hem to raiſe his Spirits; and then, addreſſing the Parſon, bid him go on: And turning immediately to the Lady, ſaid to her;——'As for 'you, Madam, to be revenged on you, I muſt acknow-'ledge that although I am determined, by the living 'God! to make you as good a Husband, as with my 'whole Heart and Soul I poſſibly can; yet by Hea-'ven! you deſerve a much better than I fear will ever 'be in my Power, with my utmoſt Endeavour, to 'make you: But this I can with Truth aſſure you, 'that I do, and ever ſhall, ay, and ever will, really 'and ſincere love you, beyond any other Woman in 'the World.——So now, after the whole Ceremony

was

was over, and Compliments were paſt from all that were preſent, on this joyful and extraordinary Change; *Delia* demanded of his Lordſhip if he now ſincerely repented, or was really ſatisfied with what he had done. ——— 'For, *ſaid ſhe*, although I confeſs I indeed loved 'your Lordſhip, even beyond Expreſſion, yet, Heaven 'knows, I would willingly ſacrifice myſelf to all the In-'conveniencies of Life, rather than either injure or diſ-'quiet you: And what I have now done, my Lord, 'was in pure Juſtice to my Reputation; and am ready 'to ſubmit to your Lordſhip's future Determination.

'And Madam (returned he) you have indeed, as 'you propoſed, paid me in my own Coin; but by 'Heaven! I am ſo well ſatisfied with my payment, 'that I would not now part with thee for all the Riches 'in the World. And I do further moſt ſolemnly de-'clare, that I will ever adminiſter all that lies in my 'Power, to make you as happy as this Life can poſſibly 'make you.

Here he confeſt to the whole Company, without the leaſt Reſerve, the true Cauſe of his ſo late Deſire for breaking off the Match; and alſo agreed to the drawing up, and ſigning a moſt pathetic and hiſtorical Petition to Sir *Humphry Wiſewoud*, and his Daughter *Cordelia*; who, I may inform my Readers, were perfectly ſatisfied with the ſame; and mutually rejoiced that the Matter ended as it did. And thus all Parties were perfectly reconciled, to the unſpeakable Satisfaction of both the young Lord and his Lady; who from that Day continued their Affection for each other with the utmoſt Emulation.

The

The SHARPERS and the PUBLICAN.

Mankind upon each other's Ruin riſe,
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wiſe.
How. Veſt. Virg.

IN the Preface of my firſt Volume, I promiſed ſo to blend my Stories, that my Readers might be ſure to find a continual Change and Variety all through the whole Work. And though no two Stories can be alike in the whole Collection, yet, I muſt own that I have ſeveral that treat on the Tricks of Sharpers: And do aſſure the Publick, that I ſhould not have prevailed with myſelf to inſert ſeveral of them here, but that I cannot be perſuaded otherwiſe, than that they may be as ſerviceable as better Stories would be entertaining. Upon which Surmiſe I ſhall make bold to proceed.

Robert Nimit and *Jack Filch*, two notorious Sharpers, went one Day into a Publick Houſe (where they very well knew the People always drew their Beer in Plate) and called for a Tankard of good mild Beer. So out of Pretence that they liked their Liquor, they ſtaid drinking two or three Hours; and at laſt with an Inſtrument that they always carried about them for that Purpoſe, they preſently cut out the Bottom of the Silver Tankard, and, with a Piece of Sealing-wax, faſtened it under the Table. This being done, they left the Remaining Part of the Tankard upon the Table, with the Reckoning; and ringing the Bell, bid the Landlord take his Reckoning, and alſo take care of his Tankard. The good natured, complaiſant Landlord took up the Money, and bid them kindly welcome: little dreaming that the Tankard wanted a Bottom; or that the Bottom of it at that Time was ſo near him: But the firſt Perſon that went to fill it was ſoon convinced

vinced of its Deficiency, by the Liquor's running quite through it into their Shoes; when looking into it to ſee what was the Matter with it, ſoon ſaw, with Surprize, what muſt be very diſagreeable to the Ears and Eyes of the Landlord. The next Day came one of the ſame Gang, and enquiring for the Landlord, deſired to ſpeak a Word with him in private: Then, taking him into the ſame Room where the Bottom of the Tankard was ſtuck under the Table, demanded of him whether he had not loſt the Bottom of a Silver Tankard the Night before. The Landlord replied,——*Yes Sir I did*;——'Well, then, replied the Sharper, if you 'will go along with me, you may have it again; for 'one of the Villians is taken with ths Bottom of a 'SilverTankard in his Pocket, which he confeſſes to 'be yours; and he is now in the Hand of a Conſtable, 'who has ſent me for you, to go with them before a 'Juſtice of the Peace; and then you will have it deliver-'ed you.'——'Sir *(replied the Landlord,)* I am ve-'ry much obliged to you; I will but juſt put on a clean 'Neckcloth, and I will wait on you, But pray Sir, 'will you drink any thing?——'Why, *replied the 'Sharper*, I do not care if I have a Draught of Porter 'with you, for I have run myſelf almoſt out of Wind, 'and am very dry into the Bargain.——The Landlord having, with great Joy told his Wife this good News, runs up Stairs with all the haſte he could, to prepare himſelf fit for the Preſence of the Magiſtrate. And in the mean Time, the Sharper ſecures the Bottom of the Silver Tankard, and puts it into his Pocket, which till then had reſted ſafe enough under the Bottom of the Table. By and by away went he and the Landlord together, in ſearch of the Conſtable and the Thief; and when he had led the poor deceived Landlord as far as he thought convenient, he carried him into a Publick Houſe, and after calling for a Pot of Porter, he ſaid to him:——'Now, Sir, if you will ſtay 'here till I come back, I will go and acquaint the Con-'ſtable that you are here and be back again in ten 'Minutes;' upon which, the Man ſat himſelf down very contentedly, and began to tell the whole Affair about the

the Bottom of his Tankard to his Brother Publican: While the Sharper made the beſt of his Way back to the Landlord's Houſe, and enquiring for the Landlady, he addreſſes her as follow: ——

'Madam, I ſuppoſe you remember me again; I 'was here juſt now for your Husband, from Mr. *Bluff* 'the Conſtable. He deſires his Compliments to you, 'and is now along with the Conſtable and the Rogue 'that ſtole the Bottom of your Tankard, before the Juſ-'tice; but it ſeems that the Raſcal now denies that 'it is the Bottom of your Tankard; and, therefore, the 'Juſtice can neither commit him, or Re ſtore your 'Huſband the Bottom of his Tankard without the 'other Part of it, to tally with it, which will evidently 'prove whether it is yours or not. And ſo the Juſtice 'and the Conſtable both knowing of me, deſired your 'Huſband to let me come here for it; and as a Token 'for you to deliver it to me they have ſent the very 'Bottom of the Tankard that was found upon him. '—— Here he produced to the Landlady the Bottom of the Tankard, which being tried with the other Part, tallied as well as ſhe and her Huſband together. At this, the good Landlady being perfectly convinced of all he had advanced, without the leaſt Scruple, delivered the remaining Part of the Tankard to him; and now the whole Tankard, though it be really divided, is wholly and abſolutely loſt to them: For, the Sharper, as we may very well ſuppoſe, inſtead of carrying the Tankard to her Huſband, conveyed the Prize to his own Companions; who at ſight of their Succeſs, without doubt put on quite different Faces to what the poor Publican and his Wife did at his return, For after he had ſtaid with the greateſt Impatience imaginable for near two Hours, in waiting for the aforeſaid Perſon's returning from the Conſtable, he at length, began to reflect, and perhaps to ſuſpect too; and his Patience being tired quite out, he paid for what he had had, and ſteered home as faſt as he could. As ſoon as he entered the Houſe, the good Wife began to enquire whether he had brought home the Tankard with him, and what they had done with the Rogue. But the lame

Account

Account he had to give her of the Matter, was not half a Quarter ſo bad as that which he is to receive from his Wife.

And ſo, while they are fretting, and ſtaring, and wondring at this artful Piece of Villainous Tranſaction, I ſhall leave my Readers to conclude what may be their after Thoughts on this Matter, and ſo conclude my Story.

The Humorous COOK.

Man undoes Man to do himſelf no Good—
With voluntary Pains works his Diſtreſs,
Not through Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs.

Roch.

THE Obſervation of my Author in the above Motto is ſo juſt and important, that it is a Document worthy the Retention of my moſt judicious Readers; for it is not only to be underſtood in a very copious Senſe, but in almoſt every Senſe. He who depreſſes or oppreſſes his Neighbour or his Servant, he who deceives his Friend or Correſpondent, he who defrauds or impoſes on the Publick, he, who through falſe pretences, injures the Honour or true Intereſt of his Prince; or, he who for Diverſion, to exerciſe, or ſhew his Parts, wantonly diverts himſelf or others at the Expence of another Man's Peril or Prejudice, is any (or any one of theſe) certainly culpable, and in the End can do himſelf no good. There is a Proverb well worth our taking Notice of here; *viz. Be merry and wiſe.* This wiſe Proverb does not forbid our Mirth, but reſtrains us in our Merriment from becoming either Fools or Brutes; and therefore, I ſhall now leave my Reader to make what Judgment, Reflection, and Application he ſhall think moſt proper of this Introduction.

Mr.

Mr. *Freeman*, a young Gentleman of very good Eſtate in the County of *Devon*, was very fond of Hunting; and coming to live about a Mile from the Lord *Treatwell*'s (who was Lord of the Manor, and who kept a Pack of very good Hounds) the young 'Squire often gave them the Meeting as ſoon as they were out in the Morning. This Lord (to whom Mr. *Freeman* was a Stranger, becauſe he was but juſt come from his Travels) obſerving him to take great Delight in the Sport, and ſeeing him well mounted, and a Gentleman of an eaſy, genteel Deportment, reſolved to cultivate an Acquaintance with him. And accordingly, the Hounds being at Fault, and the Company all up together, his Lordſhip ſalutes him in the Manner following:——'Good Morning to you, Sir; I perceive that 'you are a lover of this healthy Sport, and often ho-'nour us with your good Company; I ſhould be very 'proud, if you would alſo favour me with your good 'Company, to take a hunting Dinner with me.—'Thank your Lordſhip, *replied the 'Squire*, I'll do my-'ſelf the Honour to wait on you.'—'Pray do, ſays my 'Lord. We ſhall dine about Three o'Clock; and I 'ſhall expect the Pleaſure of your good Company to 'Day. If any thing ſhould happen that ſhould fling 'you out of the Chace, or we ſhould loſe Company, 'you know the Hour, and the Way to my Houſe; and 'therefore, without further Ceremony, I ſhall expect 'you.'—— 'My Lord, *ſaid the Gentleman*, I thank 'you; I will do myſelf the Honour to wait on you, 'without fail.'—After this, they perſued their Sport together for ſome Hours; but it ſo happened, that before Dinner time, Mr. *Freeman* loſt Company with them; and looking at his Watch, found it to be almoſt Two o'Clock; and therefore he determined to make the beſt of his Way immediately, to make good his Engagement. And being very hungry, (as ſoon as he had given his Horſe to one of my Lord's Servants) he deſired to be directed to his Lordſhip's Kitchen.——'For (ſaid he) being a ſtranger to all the Fa-'mily, but his Lordſhip, and he not being returned, 'I will make my ſelf acquainted with the Cook, in the

'mean time.'——Accordingly, the Servant, at his Requeſt, carried him to the Kitchen, where he ſaluted the Cook as follows: ——'Mr. Cook, your Servant, 'will you do me the Favour to let me ſtay a little 'while in your Kitchen? My Lord has done me the 'Honour to aſk me to dine with him to Day; but as 'he is not yet come home, and I being an entire Stran-'ger to his Lady and Family, will thank you if you 'will give me Leave to ſtay here till his Return.' ——'Certainly, *(replied the Cook)* you are very wel-'come, Sir.'——After a Minute or two's Chatter and Acquaintance with the Cook, at the Sollicitation of his empty craving Stomach, he began to give broad Hints, that he ſhould be glad of a Meſs of Soup, or a Mouthful of any thing to eat, in the mean time.—The Cook (who was an odd Kind of a humorous Fellow) underſtood him well enough, but did not chuſe to do it; and therefore, he thus diverted him immediately from that Subject: —— 'Sir (*ſaid he*) as you are a 'Stranger to the Family, perhaps you have never ſeen 'the Inſide of our Houſe: I aſſure you, Sir, although it 'is very old-faſhioned, it is worthy the Obſervation 'of a Stranger; and if you pleaſe, Sir, as my Dinner 'is now ready for Diſhing, I'll ſhew you as much of it 'as I can, to amuſe you till my Lord comes in'—'With 'all my Heart (*replied the Gentleman*) any thing to di-'vert time'——And ſo away they went toge-ther, and ranged all the Houſe over, where the Doors were open for their paſſage: At laſt they came into a large, old faſhioned Room, which was hung round with all ſorts of Arms; and where the Cloth was laid for Din-ner.—'Here, Sir, *ſays the Cook*, my Lord always dines; 'and I will warrant would not eat a Dinner (at home) 'out of this Room, for a thouſand Pounds.' 'No! '(*cried the Gentleman*) why ſo, pray?'——'Why, Sir, 'it has always been the Family Dining-Room theſe '500 Years, for what I know, replied the Cook; and 'then, my Lord, you muſt know, is one of the oddeſt-'tempered Men in the whole World. But I ſuppoſe, '*continued he*, that you have heard of his comical Tem-'per often enough.'——'No, really, Sir, *replied*

'*the*

'*the 'Squire*, not I; nor ever ſpoke to his Lordſhip
'in my Life, till to Day in the Field, when he made
'me promiſe to dine with him.'——Indeed! *cried*
'*the Cook, with an Accent of Admiration.* And
'pray Sir, how ſtands your Stomach?'——Why real-
'ly *ſaid the Gentleman*, to tell you the Truth, Mr.
'Cook, I never was more heartily a hungry in all my
'Life. I am glad to hear it, *replied the Cook*, with all
'my Heart; very glad! It may be a Means of keep-
'ing my Lord and you Friends ſomewhat the longer.'
'——I do not underſtand you, *anſwered the Gen-*
'*tleman.* Pray explain yourſelf?'—— 'Why, Sir,
'*quoth the Cook*, you know I hinted to you before, that
'my Lord was a very odd humoured Man in his Way;
'but if he ſhould know that I have ſaid any thing of
'this to you, or any body elſe, it would be of more
'Conſequence to me, than my Place is worth. And
'to be ſure, there is not a better Maſter, nor a better
'Gentleman in the World, if you can but hit his Tem-
'per. And, as you ſeem, Sir, a good natured Gen-
'tleman, and are a Stranger to my Lord, I am glad to
'my heart that you are a hungry. It is the luckieſt
'Thing for you in the World, Really, very lucky.'
'——'Why ſo? *demands the Gentleman.* Pray let me
'know your Meaning.'——'Why, Sir, *replied the*
'*Cook*, I muſt firſt deſire you to keep this a very
'great Secret: But you muſt know, Sir, that my
'Lord values himſelf prodigiouſly for his Hoſpitality;
'and to be ſure, no-body keeps a better Houſe than he
'does, that is certain. But then, I muſt own, Sir, I
'ſhould not wiſh to be one of his Gueſts'——At this,
Mr. *Freeman* began to ſtare; but ſtill waited for the
Sequel.——'Do you obſerve thoſe Arms, *continued the*
'*Cook*, which are hung about this Room particularly, in
'ſuch nice Order?'——'Yes, *replied the Gentleman*;
'and what then?——Why, you muſt know, Sir, *quoth*
'*the Cook*, but pray do not mention a word that I told
'it you, but it is my Lord's whimſical Humour, to ex-
'pect that every perſon who dines with him, ſhould
'eat all that he or my Lady cuts for them; and if any
'Man ſhould leave any thing upon his Plate, he looks

'upon it as the greateſt Affront that can be offered 'him; and he is pretty liberal in his Carvings, too. 'But then the Conſequence of the Affront, is this: 'As ſoon as he finds any Man refuſe, or neglect to 'clear his Plate, he inſiſts that he muſt immediately 'fight him, that Moment! and then, Sir, the Danger 'is that my Lord is a very Dragon at any thing; 'Small-Sword, Back-Sword, Sword-and-Dagger, 'Sword-and-Piſtol, Quarter-Staff, Spadroon, Falchi-'on--ſingle or double; nothing comes amiſs to him. 'But then, indeed, I will do him this Juſtice; he al-'ways gives his Gueſt this Preference: To chuſe his 'own Weapon. And ſo, Sir, ſome chuſe one Thing, 'and ſome another, but I muſt own I never heard of 'his being conquered: For it is what he has been train-'ed to, and practiſed all his Life'

'Zoons! (*quoth the Gentleman*) I will ſtay no lon-'ger! And though my Stomach was never better pre-'pared for ſuch a Taſk, yet I will not ſtay to riſk 'it: Why ſhould I, for the ſake of a Dinner, ſtay to 'engage in ſo ſtrange an Adventure?'——'For Hea-'ven's ſake, Sir, *quoth the Cook*, do not offer to go 'away! I ſhall be diſcharged the very Moment that 'my Lord hears you are gone. Half the Servants in 'the Houſe know you are here; and if any of 'them ſhould mention my being ſeen with you, my 'Lord will immediately conclude what I have done; 'and that it was through me you left the Houſe before 'Dinner; and therefore, Sir, I beg you will not offer 'to go, on any Account in the World.'——'O Lord! '(*ſaid the Gentleman*) I beg your pardon; but it is in 'vain to ſolicit me on the Head: For I do aſſure you, 'I would not ſtay another Minute in the Houſe upon 'any Account in the World; and therefore, I will go 'get my Horſe this Moment, leaſt he ſhould come 'home before I can get away.'

Here, juſt as the Cook had began again his Intrea-ties, they heard the Horns at the Gate; and the Cook was called to ſend up Dinner as faſt as he could; ſo now there was no Retreat; for his Lordſhip was no ſooner alighted from his Horſe, but he enquired

for

for his new Gueſt, who being (now unwillingly) brought to him (for there was no Way of avoiding it) after a few Ceremonies, he was introduced to the Lady of the Family, *&c.*

And now Dinner was ſerved up, and all the Company being ſeated, every thing proceeded with the uſual Decorum. But poor *Freeman* could not put the Cook's Story out of his Head; and therefore, he determined to do his utmoſt to avoid the impending Danger. Firſt, the Lady helped him to a Plate of Soup, which he whiped up in a Minute. Then his Lordſhip (being at the lower End of the Table) cried, 'come my Dear, 'now I will help the Gentleman, if he'll give me leave. 'What, Sir, ſhall I help you to?——A fine Piece of Beef being at the Bottom of the Table, he deſired a Slice of that; which was no ſooner carved in a manner, but it was gone. My Lord ſeeing his Gueſt eat ſo heartily, aſked for Leave to cut him another Slice; which was granted, and diſpatched with as much Celerity as the firſt. Then he aſked him if he ſhould help him to a Bit of Ham and Fowl; and being anſwered, *if you pleaſe*——it was done; and he began to try at that. But before he had cleared his Plate again, he forced to reſt a little. But after drinking a glaſs of Claret, he ſet too again, and finiſhed it. And now comes on a ſecond Courſe; the Sight of which made him wiſh himſelf an hundred Miles off: For being already pretty well filled, he could not keep his Eyes off thoſe Weapons; and the Cook's Story was always uppermoſt in his Mind. However he was reſolved to try his beſt to avoid it, if poſſible, to the very laſt, rather than provoke his Hoſt. Here they began to crave for him again; and the Gentleman, rather than come to a Battle, ſtill ſtuffed on. My Lord and Lady were ignorant of the Cauſe which made him ſo willing to clear his Plate, but thought it his natural Volubillity of Appetite; and therefore, they were the more watchful to ſupply him. At laſt, when the poor Gentleman had ſtuffed and blowed, and unbuttoned all his Cloaths, and was almoſt ready to burſt (and indeed thought he had carried his Point) up comes a Deſert: And now begins

a freſh Taſk. The Lady preſents him with Sweet-meats; my Lord ſupplies him with Fruit; one gives him a Jelly and the other a Tart; and the more Pains he takes, and the more willing he ſeems to eat all that they give him, the more careful they were to keep him ſtill ſupplied. At laſt, the poor Gentleman, not able to bear it any longer, jumped up from his Chair, as well as he could (for he was ſcarce able to breathe) and taking down a large Baſket-hilt Sword ſwore a great Oath, that ſince it muſt be ſo, he would Fight. That he had ſtrove as much as he was able, to avoid it; but he found the more Pains he took, the more he might; and therefore, he rather choſe to fight, than endeavour to eat any more,

At this, the Company were all in amaze; and my Lord, conſequently, as well as the reſt.—'Fight! (*quoth his Lordſhip*) I know not what mean, Sir?'—'Why, 'my Lord, (*anſwered Mr. Freeman*) the Caſe is this: 'I had rather fight than eat.'—'Why Sir (*replied his 'Lordſhip*) if you do not chuſe to eat, it is at your 'own Option.'—'Ay, *ſaid the other,* that is true, my 'Lord; but then I am told, that I muſt fight your 'Lordſhip, if I do not eat all thoſe Things upon my 'Plate, which, my Lord, is very hard for one in my 'Condition: For, by *Jove*! I have eaten ſo much 'already, that I believe I ſhall die with it. Nor could 'I eat a Mouthful more, if I were ſure to gain the 'whole World for it.'—Pray, Sir, (*quoth his Lordſhip*) 'who told you that you muſt fight me, if you do not 'eat all upon your Plate? For my Part, I do not in 'the leaſt underſtand you.'—'Why, my Lord, (*re-'plied the 'Squire*) I would not willingly tell your Lord-'ſhip the Hiſtory, becauſe I had promiſed to the con-'trary; but that, I find, I muſt do it in my own De-'fence:

Here he recounted all the Cook had told him, as above; and further aſſured his Lordſhip, that he had ſtuffed and laboured till he was almoſt killed, purely to avoid the Conſequence.—'D—n him (*replied his 'Lordſhip*) you are not the firſt Perſon he has impoſed 'upon (in one Trick or other) by twenty. But I will

'diſcharge

'diſcharge him for his Impudence, this Minute. Here '(*ſaid he to one of his Servants* bid the Cook come 'here, this Moment! The Cook immediately obey-'ed.——'Pray, Sir (*ſaid his Lordſhip to him*) how 'came you to tell this Gentleman, that unleſs he clear-'ed every Plate, and eat up all that we helped him 'to, at my Table, that I ſhould inſiſt upon his fight-'ing me that Moment?——My Lord (*replied the Cook*) 'I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon, and the Gentleman's 'too; but indeed I did it out of a very good Deſign; 'for, as he complained that he was very hungry, and 'being an entire Stranger to the Family, I was afraid 'that the Gentleman's Modeſty might ſpoil his 'Dinner, and that then he might have gone away and 'reported, that he had been at your Lordſhip's Table 'to dine, and had not half filled his Belly, which would 'have been ſome diſcredit to your Lordſhip.'

This Anſwer (which was delivered with much ſeeming Simplicity) made them all laugh heartily, inward; but eſpecially Mr. *Freeman*, who was ſo well pleaſed with the Joak (and eſpecially as he now found there was no Neceſſity of a Battle) that he gave the Cook a Guinea for his Humour, and prevailed with his Lordſhip to forgive him likewiſe. But they were obliged to purſue all the cautious Methods imaginable, with the poor young Gentleman, to prevent a Fit of Illneſs ſucceeding; which Danger was occaſioned by his ſo prodigiouſly over-gorging his Stomach.

Two Sailors with their Letter to King Charles the Second.

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.
Dryd. Don Seb.

SOME ſlight Sketch of the following Story, I remember to have heard told ſome time ago; but ſo diſtorted, and out of all Shape of Probability, Nature, Propriety and Character, that it ſeemed like a meer Hodgepodge of *French* Catery, dreſs'd and diſh'd up by an ignorant, ſlovenly, *Scotch* Cook. However, as there is ſomething in the Incidents new and natural, as to the Proceedings of the Sailors, and their Succeſs with the King not very unlikely (according to the Character which that Prince bears in Hiſtory). As I have ſpent ſome time at Sea amongſt thoſe ſtrange and amphibious Politicians, I have ventured to alter and faſhion the whole Story, according to my own Notions; and if it happen to ſatisfy and entertain my good-natured Readers, it will effectually anſwer the higheſt Point of my Ambition and Deſire.

Jack Ocum and *Tom Splicewell*, two Sailors, who had been ſome time on Shore, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and had ſpent the Produce of their laſt Voyage; after a ſmall time, their *Wapping* Landlady (who was called Mother *Double-Score*) began not only to look coldly upon them, but alſo, according to Cuſtom, when their Money was gone, to behave roughly towards them; and they not being entered again in any Service, began now to ſcheme how they ſhould raiſe a little Money for their preſent Uſe; and, after ſeveral Propoſals made between them, that ſtill met with ſome Objections, one of them at length ſaid ——' Zoons! Meſsmate, what think you of a Trip or

' two,

'two, for a Venture, o'Privateering, about theſe Coaſts 'a little? in my Mind, we might pick up a Prize or 'two, without firing a Shot.—'Ay (*replied the other*) 'but ſuppoſe we ſhould be taken; will not a Court 'Martial hang us for Pyrates;—'Zoons! *ſaid the* 'other, we muſt take what Care we can, not to be 'taken and be ſure to cruize out of this Latitude, leaſt 'we ſhould be known by our Rigging. And if we 'ſhould chance to be chaced, why we muſt crowd 'all the Sail that we can, and be ſure never to ſtrike, 'as long as we can ſwim above Water.'

To be brief, after ſome little Debate, they reſolved upon a Venture; and out they ſet, with no other Weapons of Offence, or Defence, than a couple of great Broomſticks. And when they were got into the Fields, a little way from Town, one of them (ſeeing a Gentleman coming towards them, well dreſs'd) ſays tothe other ---'Damme, *Jack!* this is a Prize worth boarding: Shall 'we bring him too? He ſeems well rigged and load-'ed.'—'So he does,' replied the other; and with that, they both made ready for the Attack. And when the Gentleman came to them, they both brandiſhed their Weapons; and he, who was Commodore, ſaluted him as follows:—'D--mn my Blood, my Boy, but we 'muſt have ſome Money with you! or elſe, by G--d, 'you ſhall have a Broadſide!'—The Gentleman finding, by their Arms, Manner and Language, that they were but young in their Buſineſs, anſwered them thus: ———'Well, Gentlemen, as you ſeem to be Sailors, and good hearty Cocks, do not uſe me ill, and you ſhall be welcome to what Money I have about me, with all my Heart, was it ten times as much.'—With that, he preſented them with about three Shillings and Sixpence.—'Here, Gentlemen, *ſays he*, is all the Mo-'ney I have at preſent, and I wiſh it was more for 'your Sakes.'----The Sailors ſeeing the Gentleman ſo good-natured, ſeemed quite ſatisfied; took the Money; told him it was enough, and wiſhed him a good Voyage. But they had not gone far with their Booty, before they were purſued; for the Gentleman telling of the Adventure juſt after, to ſome people that he met;

the

the Poſſe was raiſed; and, in leſs than half an Hour, one of them was taken; the other, by ſome Means or other, made his Eſcape. The next Seſſions at the *Old Bailey*, my young Commodore was convicted of Felony, and ſentenced to be hanged. Though the Simplicity of their Proceedings, made many people ſorry for him. After this Misfortune, his Fellow Adventurer was in great Perplexity (though he had eſcaped himſelf; for no-body had yet enquired or ſought after him about it). But *Jack* reſolved to ſpare no Pains: and if poſſible, to ſave his poor Meſſmate's Life. And being one Day at their Rendezvous, talking about it, with a other of their old Shipmate's; after ſeveral Methods had been propoſed between them, and all fell to the Ground, *Jack*, boldly cries——'Sblood, *Tom!* I have 'a good Mind I'd write a Letter for him, to the King 'myſelf, I am told that nobody elſe can pardon him; 'and I fancy that would be the moſt likely Way to 'do the Buſineſs; only I can not tell who to get to car-'ry it, and deliver it to him.——'Zoons! *cries the* 'other, I like your Scheme, *Jack* and if you can write 'it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to 'him ourſelves (and then we will be ſure that he will 'have it) for I never ſaw the Kin[illegible]n my Life.'—— 'Nor I neither, *replies the other*; and by G--d, *Tom!* 'if you will go with me to him, I will write a letter 'immediately; and by the Meſs, I will not turn my 'Back to any Man in *England*, either for writing or 'ſpelling.'——Here, the other anſwering, with an Oath, that he would be as good as his word, and go with him. *Jack* called immediately for Pen, Ink and Paper; but as he was going to begin his polite Epiſtle a great Blotch of Ink dropped from his Pen, upon the Top of his Paper. *Jack* never called for any more but whiping it with his Finger along the Sheet, he began, and writ as follows:

'An pleaſe your Kingſhip,

'THIS is to let you know, that my Meſsmat, 'Tom Splicewell, is condemd to be hangd; for 'you muſt no, that he waſs fooliſh enuff to ſet out a 'Priva-

'Privateering, without applying to the Admirlty for 'Leave; and the firſt Prize he took, gave ſome in-'teligenſe of his Courſe; ſo that he was chaſed by a 'hole Squadron, and ſoon after taken and carrid in-'to Port. However, he's a very honeſt Felloo, I 'aſhure you, and by G——d, as gode Seman, as ever 'ſtept betwen ſtem and ſtarn. He ſhall *Not* and '*Splice*, *Reef* and *Hande* a *Sail*, *Stear* and *Rig* a '*Ship*, with eer a Man in the Navee, and thats a 'bold Word. And if youle be ſo kind as to order his 'Diſcharge, I dare ſware he'll never be gilty of ſuch 'a nother Cryme, as long as he lives, which will alſo 'very much oblyge your humble Servant.

Jack Ocum.

From the Ship *Alehouſe in* Wapping. *Witneſs*,

Thomas Fliplove, *Shipmate*

When *Jack* had finiſhed the above Letter and the other had ſet his Hand to it, as a Proof of his Approbation, and the Truth of its Contents, they ſealed it up, and directed it as follows:

This for the King,

with Speed.

As ſoon as this was done, without further Delay, out they ſet, to deliver their Letter, as directed; and and all the Way they went, they enquired where the the King lived. At laſt, when they came into the *Strand*, near *Charing-croſs*, a Gentleman, who was juſt come out of St. *James's*, and hearing them enquire ſo earneſtly for the King, and ſeeing they were Sailors, ſtept up to them, and demanded thus: Hark-ye, my Lads, what do you want with the King, pray? Have 'you any Expreſs for his Majeſty?'——'An Ex-'preſs! No! (*anſwers one of them*) we have no Ex-'preſs, nor do not know what you mean; but we 'have got a Letter for him, and want to deliver it to 'him, if we can.'——'What! (replies the Gen-'tleman) to the King himſelf?'——'King himſelf, 'ay, to the King himſelf, (cried the Sailor) ſuppoſe it

'was

'was to the Lord High Admiral; what of that?' ——'Why, my Lad (replied the Gentleman) if it 'be a Thing of Conſequence, you may very eaſily ſee 'the King, for he is now walking in the Mall; I ſaw 'him there within theſe ten Minutes myſelf.'—— 'What, Sir (demands *Jack*) is he walking there alone?' ——'No, *replies the Gentleman*, there are a great 'many of the Nobility and Gentry along with him.' —'How may a body know then, cries *Jack*, which is he?' 'Why, *ſays the Gentleman again*, the King is a 'very tall, black Man, and you may know him by a 'Star on his left Breaſt, and blue Ribbon hanging 'from his Neck.'——

By this Time a great Number of People were gathered about the Sailors; and hearing what had paſſed betwixt them and the Gentleman (as above) after the Sailors had thanked him, they proceeded; and the Mob reſolved to bear them Company. So that, by that Time they had got to the *Park*, their Attendance was increaſed to ſeveral Hundreds. But juſt as they came to the End of the *Mall*, they happened to meet a Nobleman, who in ſome Meaſure, anſwered the deſcription which the Gentleman had given of the King, being a Knight of the Garter, with his Star and Ribbon.——*Jack* no ſooner ſaw him, but he roared out to his Companion, —— 'by G—d! *Tom*, here is the 'King! Now for it!'—So after feeling for the Letter, he ſtepped up to the Nobleman, and ſaluted him thus:——Your humble Servant, Sir; pray, are you 'the King?'——'No Friend; (replied his Lordſhip) 'I am not, indeed.' 'Why, pray, do you aſk me 'that Queſtion?'——'Nay, Sir (returned the Sailor) I beg your Pardon! hope no Offence! But I 'was told juſt now by a Gentleman that ſaw the King 'within this half Hour, that he is rigged in much the 'ſame Trim as you are; ſo that I did not know but 'you might be him,'—'Have you any Diſpatches for 'his Majeſty, demands the Nobleman, that you are 'in ſuch Queſt of him.'——'Spatches! Yes, Sir, 'quoth *Jack*, I have a Letter for him; and muſt de'liver it into his own Hand, if I can find him,'——The Nobleman

Nobleman imagining that there might be ſomething more than common in this Rencounter, told them, that if they pleaſed he would go back with them, and not only ſhew them the King, but would alſo introduce them to him. Upon which, the Sailors thanked him for his good-will, and away they went together. When they came to about the Middle of the *Mall*, they met his Majeſty; and the Nobleman going up to him, in a low Voice acquainted him with what had paſſed between him and the Sailors; and pointing to them, deſired his Majeſty would pleaſe to permit them to deliver their Letter to him.——'By all Means,' my Lord, replied the King.——With that, he beckoned the Sailors to approach.——'Here, my Lads, *ſays his Lord-ſhip*, this is his Majeſty, if you have any Letter for 'him, you may deliver it.'——Here *Jack* advanced, with his Hand to his Hat, but without pulling it off, and having come pretty near the King, ſaid to him, ——'Pray, Sir, are you the King?'——'Yes, Sir, 'anſwered his Majeſty ſmiling, I believe ſo.——'Then, 'Sir, ſays *Jack*, there is a Letter for you an pleaſe 'you.'——The King looking hard at the Fellow, could not help ſmiling at his blunt, uncourtly Addreſs; but he took the Letter from him, and looking upon the Superſcription, fell a laughing, and ſhewed it to all round to the Nobles that attended him. *Jack* ſeeing the King look ſo pleaſantly, ſays to his Shipmate,——'by G—d, *Tom*, I believe it will do; the 'King ſeems in a very good Humour.'——And, when his Majeſty had read the Letter, he delivered it to the Nobleman who introduced the Sailor to him. ——'Look here, my Lord, *ſays he*, read that Letter, 'and learn a new Diction. Upon my Honour, this 'Fellow has no Deceit in him; I dare ſay it is his own 'Hand writing and his own Dictation too. However, 'this I may ſay to his Credit, that his Stile and Beha-'viour are both honeſt towards me; for he has not 'troubled me with Compliments in the one, nor Cere-'monies in the other.' So turning to the Sailors, he ſaid to him who gave him the Letter,'Well, Friend, as this is the firſt Offence upon the Account of your kind

'Letter here) you may let your Friend know, that I 'will pardon him this Time, but let him take Care 'that he never trangreſſes ſo again.'—'Ant pleaſe 'you, Sir, (quoth *Jack*) I dare ſwear he never will; 'and if you will take care that he ſhall not be hanged 'this Time, I am ſure *Tom*'s a very honeſt Fellow, 'and will be very thankful to you.'———'Well, *ſaid* '*his Majeſty*, you may aſſure yourſelf that he ſhall not 'die for this Crime; and you may let him know that I 'ſhall ſave his Life for the ſake of your Letter here.' '———'Ay, Sir, *ſaid the Sailor*, but how may a body 'be ſure that you will not forget it?'—'Why, *replied* '*the King*, you may take my word for it, I will not 'forget it,'—'Cauſe, if you ſhould, *quoth* Jack, per-'haps they may hang him, and you be never the wi-'ſer. But if once we could get him a Shipboard with 'us, by the Blood! But you muſt then aſk the Captain 'firſt, or a thouſand of you could not hang him.'— 'Why then, *replied the King*, if you will take care 'and get him a Shipboard as ſoon as he is at Liberty; I 'will take care he ſhall be diſcharged in a very few 'Days.'—'Sir, *replied the Sailor*, I return your King-'ſhip a great many Thanks; and I am ſure poor *Tom* 'will be ready to hang himſelf for Joy that he is to go 'on board again; and, by the Meſs! there is no good 'to be got ſtaying ſo long on Shore.'—So, he made the King a low Bow, hitched up his Trowſers, tacked himſelf about, and ſteered off in Triumph, that his polite Letter had ſaved his Meſsmate's Life. And the Story ſays, that the King and his Attendance were no leſs delighted with the poor Sailors Embaſſy, then they were with the Succeſs of it.

That

That which is bred in the BONE, will never be out of the FLESH; or, once a ROGUE and always a ROGUE.

Nature has made Man's Breaſt no Windores,
To publiſh what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh Folly blab it.
And a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none. Hud.

THE Title of the preſent Story, which is a double Proverb, is an experienced Truth, worthy of Obſervation and Remembrance: For he who has once proved himſelf a Villain, gives but an indifferent Hope of his ever deſerving to be any better approved or thought on. Nor do I mean, by what I have here advanced, that thoſe who are guilty of little Indiſcretions, deſerve to be ranked with theſe meant in my Title, as above, but ſuch Delinquents only, who are perverſe and obdurate almoſt to the laſt Degree. And it is but prudent, ere you truſt them any way to far, both to know, and to be cautious whom you deal and correſpond with. There are two Sorts of Villains in the World, who are dangerous and inconvenient to the Society of Mankind to the laſt Degree, *viz.* the fooliſh Knave, and the cloſe ſly Knave. The firſt of theſe is as eaſy to be diſcovered as an approaching Storm; his, looſe, unguarded Ignorance will eaſily betray him; and therefore very dangerous even to his Brother Rogues and Companions to be very far intruſted. The other is as perilous and inconvenient a Correſpondent as the former; for by his ſly ſhifting, and impenetrable Deſigns, it is no eaſy Matter to dive

into his Thoughts, or even gueſs when they are fully executed. Except, when they have carry'd their Lengths as far as our Friend *Artfull* does in the preſent Story.

Jack Artfull a Boy of about fourteen Years of Age, who was educated and brought up amongſt a Gang of moſt notorious Pickpockets that uſed to travel the Circuits with the Judges, was detected one day in picking a Gentleman's Pocket of his Watch; and was accordingly apprehended, tried and convicted; but, in Regard to his tender Years, he was only ſentenced to be whipt at the Cart's Tail. And ſo one of the Gang, that this Rogue of a Companion might be favoured as much as poſſible, whips into the Beadle's Hand that was to whip him, a Five Shilling Piece, deſiring him, as he was but a Boy, to be as ſparing of his Laſh as he poſſibly could. The Beadle put up the Five Shilling Piece, and proceeded in his Duty according to his own diſcretion; but being too harſh in it, as the Boy thought, every Time he laſhed him a little harder than ordinary, he turned his Head over his Shoulder, and cried out to the Beadle in a low Tone of Voice——O Lord! Pray, Sir, remember the Crown Piece! But this was ſo far from turning to his Advantage, that after the Boy had repeated it three or four Times, the Beadle began to be highly diſguſted at it; ſo that, by and by, when he cried out again, remember the Crown Piece, he immediately repeated his Stroke with greater Severity than he had done before, crying out at the ſame Time to the Boy,———D—mn you, you Dog, do you prate? ——So, after the Execution was over, the Boy took very good Notice of him, and vowed to revenge this Abuſe, if it was twenty Years hence firſt. Accordingly, being acquitted, he left the town, but could not forſake the old Trade of Baſketmaking: So that about ſeven or eight Years after, coming his old Circuit with the Judges, he ſaw his old Friend the Beadle ſtanding in the Court, at the Aſſizes (as heretofore he was wont, and as his Office required) and ſo he began to ſtudy for Revenge. Says he to himſelf, it is now a great while ſince I was known and chaſtiſed in this Town,

Town, and being then but a Boy, no body can know me for the ſame Perſon. This being thus ſettled within himſelf, he began to look out for an Opportunity of putting his Deſign into Execution. By and by, agreeable to his Deſire, he ſaw a fine Gentleman go into the Court, quite cloſe to the Beadle; and after he had ſtood a little while, the Yonker came likewiſe up to 'em, and very genteelly borrows the Gentleman's Gold Watch of him, according to his former way of dealing, and ſlips it into the Beadle's Coat Pocket. About five Minutes after this he ſteps up to the Gentleman, and whiſpering in his Ear, aſked him if he had not loſt his Gold Watch: The Gentleman in a Surprize at this Demand, puts his Hand to his Pocket, and finding it gone, replies, yes, Sir, by Heaven! I have. ——Sir, ſays the Pickpocket, that man has it in his Pocket I ſaw him take it out of yours, and will take my Oath of it.

Here the Gentleman, and with good Reaſon, ſecured the Beadle, and charged him with the Theft; who being ſearched, the Watch was actually found upon him, according to the Evidence; and ſo being the Mayor's Servant, his Maſter was ſo provoked to ſee the fact appear ſo plainly againſt him, that he inſiſted he ſhould take his Tryal that very Aſſize, which was accordingly done; when he was found guilty, and ſentenced to be hanged. A Day or two after this was done, the young Chap diſguiſes himſelf, and goes to the Sheriff, to know whether he is provided with an Executioner or not; to which the Sheriff anſwered, there were ſeveral Priſoners had offered to do it for their Fees. ——Well, Sir, ſays the impoſtor, if you think proper to employ me, I will do it for leſs than any Priſoner in your Priſon will do it, for I will perform the Office for half a Guinea; becauſe I am a ſtranger in great want, and would willingly do any Thing in an honeſt way to get my Bread. ——Well, Friend, ſaid the Sheriff, if you will take care and not diſappoint me, I will give the Money. ——To be brief, the Bargain being ſtruck, and the Day of Execution being come, our new *Jack Ketch* was very punctual, and attend-

ed the Beadle to the Gallows. When, after the Service appointed was ended, and the poor man had made aloud and repeated Confeſſion of his Innocence, they aſcended the Ladder together; and when the Beadle had freely forgave the whole World, had pulled his Cap over his Eyes, and waited for the laſt Service of this World, which was to ſwing him into another, the Hangman whiſpered in his Ear;——'Do not you 'remember about ſeven Years ago that you whipt a 'poor Lad at the Cart's Tail, and at the ſame Time 'received a Crown Piece from one of his Friends to 'be favourable to him? I am that poor Boy that 'you then whipt; and you whipt me the harder for 'it, and eſpecially when I put you in mind of the Mo-'ney you cried out to me, d——mn you, you Dog! 'Do you prate? Now, Sir, I think I am even with 'you; for it was I that picked the Gentleman's Poc-'ket of the Watch, and put it into yours.'———At this Declaration the poor Beadle, with the utmoſt Surprize and Agitation, endeavoured to lift up his Cap again, which the other preventing by holding it faſt down; and when he began to roar out, with an intent to acquaint the Sheriff and the reſt of the Spectators with all that he had told him; the Executioner interrupted him in his own former Words, thus, ——'d——mn you, Dog! What, do you prate?'—And ſo turned him off.

A Joke fatally returned.

Conceit in weakeſt Bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Shakeſ. Ham.

I HAVE already preſented my Readers with one Inſtance of the Force and Effect of Imagination, in a Story called, *Conceit can kill, and Conceit can Cure.* And in the Introduction to that Story, I have juſt hinted

ed by what Means this mighty Effect is wrought. So that it would be ſuperfluous in me now to enlarge on that Head. I ſhall therefore inform my Readers, that the principle Incidents of this Story I remember to have read in the publick Papers near twenty Years ago, as a Piece of true and extraordinary News dated from *Oxford*, the very Place where the Affair was tranſacted: And looking upon it as my Duty in the Proceſs of this Work, to preſent every Thing to the Publick which is likely to be ſerviceable, as well as entertaining, I have ventured to dreſs it up as near the Truth as poſſible, and to preſent it here by way of Caution, hoping thereby that it will anſwer the full End of my Labour and Deſire.

A Parcel of young Gentlemen, belonging to one of the Colleges at the Univerſity of *Oxford*, procured (we may ſuppoſe for ſome particular Service) the Body of a Malefactor who was there executed: And having ſtowed it, and uſed it for that Day as they thought proper, they, the next Night diſpoſed of it as follows. ——But I muſt here take Notice, that whether this Body was deſigned for Deſection, or other particular Uſe, I am not ſufficiently adviſed of to inform my Readers; but ſince it is no wiſe likely to injure the Story, I ſhall leave that entirely to their Judgment.

Theſe young Gentlemen having ſat up a little later than ordinary in the ſweet Service of the Roſey-God, and one of them being over-powered ſooner than the Reſt, by the Heat and Fatigue of their Employment, fell a helpleſs Victim to the conquering Bottle; inſomuch that his Companions were obliged to convey him to *Morpheus* his ſhady Bower; where the refreſhing drowſey God held him for many Hours in the pleaſant Fetters of Death's dark, counterfeit Chains. While thus he lay dead to Life, or inſenſibly live in the Likeneſs of Death, his two merry Companions, being alſo as deficient of their Reaſon as himſelf, and willing to indulge their preſent Frenzy, they conveyed to his preſent perſonal Depoſitory, a Bedfellow that very properly repreſented the real Image of Death himſelf; I mean the Body of the abovementioned Malefactor,

who

who having lain cloſely by his Side, a cold and ſilent Companion, for ſeveral Hours, at length was diſcovered by our Scholar's ſuddenly turning upon him between ſleep ond awake; and (hapily for him) inſtantly conceived what he really was, and by whom he was conveyed thither; ſo that without much Perturbation or Surprize, he got out of his Bed, and withdrawing the dead Body from where it lay, he conſidered for a Moment how he ſhould diſpoſe of it; but at length, he concluded to depoſit it for the preſent under his Bed. And when he was returned into it again, he began to ponder with himſelf for an effectual Revenge to return his merry and raſh Companions, to whom he had little Thanks to render, for the Pains they had taken in preſenting him this earthly Bedfellow: And this uninterrupted Study of Revenge ſoon preſented him with the following Scheme, which was no ſooner conceived and planned, but it was carried into Reſolution, and afterwards into a fatal Execution. Early the next Morn the Depoſitors of the dead Carcaſs came to his Bedſide in an extream merry Mood, to enquire how he had reſted, expecting to find him either faſt aſleep, or half freightened out of his Senſes by the Surprize that they thought he muſt certainly feel at his diſcovering of his dead Bedfellow, but, to their great Diſappointment, they found perfectly compoſed, and reading in his Bed. At which, and finding the Body was removed from him, they began with Sneers to demand how he had ſlept, and likewiſe how he had liked his Bedfellow, and what he had done with it. To all which he had replied with a Smile.—You are a Parcel of fine Fellows, are you not, to divert yourſelves with what might have been my Ruin? But depend upon it, I ſhall find a way to be even with you all. Suppoſe I had not immediately recollected what the Body was, and how it ſhould come there; being in the dark, juſt waking from a ſound and inebriated Sleep, to find an icy Corps by one's Side, before I could collect my Reaſon to my Aid, might have been of the worſt Conſequence to me; and which too muſt be your Expectation and Deſire; but thank Heaven, your Intentions have been happily diſappointed

ed: For I inſtantly called to mind who I had found with me, and conſequently who put him there.

But what have you done with the Body? demanded the Sparks.—Why, (returned he) I was ſo nettled at your impertinent Jeſt, that in the Hurry of my firſt Reſentment, I dragged the Corps out of the Bed, and threw it Head formoſt out of the window.—G—d d—mn you! replied one of them, you'll have the Conſtables here by and by to ſearch your Appartment, imagining that you have murthered the Man, and afterwards robbed and ſtriped him.

To be brief, they all concluded that what he had aſſerted was a Fact, *viz.* that he had actually thrown the dead Body into the Street; and, therefore, dreading no farther Evil from the Reſult, they paſſed their Diſcourſe to the Diſcuſſion of other Subjects; And now they began to complain of the ill Effects of their laſt Night's Engagement; one was ſeveriſh and dry, another's Head acked, a third wanted reſt, a fourth was giddy, and ſo on, each of them had ſome ſufficient Ailment to complain of; ſo that the Gentleman who had lodged with the Priſoner of Death, was now the healthieſt Perſon amongſt them all. When all of 'em had made their full Complaints, in order to ſet them again to rights, they began to conſult what they ſhould have for their Breakfaſts; one talked of Tea, another threatned Coffee; ſome one Thing, ſome another: But our Youth in Bed, at length decided the Matter; come, ſaid he, Gentlemen, you are all of you bad Phyſicians; you ſhould always, after ſitting up later than ordinary, and drinking hard, get ſomething ſubſtantial in the Morning, both to eat and drink: it heals the Stomach, comforts the Body, and is a Means of preventing the ill Fumes of your vitiated Liquors from flying upwards to affect the Head: Therefore, if you will take my Advice, get a Bit of light Meat, ſuch as a Veal-Cutlet, or any Thing elſe that you like, and a little ſoft-Ale, and in an Hour or two you will be quite well again. To this Propoſition one of them replied—Gad! *Jack*, I approve of your Preſcription;

ſcription; and turning to the reſt, ſaid he, What ſay you, Gentleman, ſhall we have a Cutlet toſſed up for our Breakfaſts, or not? To which they all cried, ay, ay, with all our Hearts.

This Point being voted *Nemine Contradicente*, according to the Young Gentleman's Motion; he rejoined,——Well, Gentlemen, ſince you ſeem ſo ready to embrace my Advice, (and, what I own, I had reſolved upon for my ſelf) if you approve of it, I will immediately go to Market for you: for to tell you the Truth, you all look like ſo many hunted Devils, and are not fit to be ſeen out of Doors.— And, thereupon, he immediatly jumpt out of Bed, and dreſſed himſelf in a Minute; and while the reſt were otherwiſe employed towards their Breakfaſt, he made the beſt of his way to the Butcher's, where he catered for them, according to his Promiſe, and which, I may ſay, gave them a general Satisfaction; for after they had all Breakfaſted, and being aſked by their Purveyor how they liked their Cutlets they unanimouſly replied, that they never made a more agreeable Meal; that each had ſatisfied their Appetites, and it was extremely good. This Declaration being made now comes the Tragic-Part of my Story; and which I own has no pleaſant Effect upon me, even to relate it, and which I hope my Readers will alſo remember, to their no great Diſadvantage.

They having now proclaimed their Approbation of this agreeable Breakfaſt, our Caterer expounded to them thus,——I am glad, Gentlemen, that you like what I have provided for you; it is a great Encouragement to go to Market for you again; but I muſt tell you by the by, that I am amply even with you, for providing me with ſo agreeable a Bedfellow, as you did laſt Night. However, it is now paſt contradiction, that you preſented me with nothing more than you were willing to partake of yourſelves; for, by G——d, Gentlemen, the Veal-Cutlets which you have juſt been eating, were neither more nor leſs, than the part of the Buttock of the very Carcaſs which you brought me for a Bedfellow; and much good may it do you all, you

are

are heartily welcome: And if you have a Mind to dine off the ſame Joint, if you will go into my Bed-chamber, and look under my Bed, there I believe you may find enough left to make another Meal of.

At this ſudden and unexpected Diſcovery, let my humane Readers judge how all changed their Countenances; Paleneſs, Tremblings, Sickneſs of Heart, and all the ill Effects which could poſſibly attend People in their Condition, inſtantly invaded their healthful Imaginations. Several of them would not credit his Report, till they had examined the part of the Corps from whence he ſaid that he had taken them; flying thither for a more ſubſtantial Information, they found, too plainly, the new made Caſme from whence he had dug thoſe fatal Slices. And, by which, we may very properly ſay, that, from Death (like that of the Small Pox) he had innoculated them almoſt immediately with Death itſelf; from the conceit of what they had now eaten had ſo fatal, and almoſt inſtantaneous Effect upon them that in three Hours time after, two of them expired; and the reſt of them remained ſo ill, that when this Account was publiſhed in the News Papers, their was but little hopes of their Recovery. And I remember that the Auther of this Tragic Piece of News concluded with theſe Words: —— *Surely, if ever Joke was caried too far, this certainly was.* —— And which is another, and a moſt dreadful Example too, of the Power and Effect of *Imagination.*

The

The wiſe IRISHMAN and his SALLAD OIL.

Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by it; 'tis too expenſive;
'I-wou'd make ten Fools. Dryd. Oed.

THE merry Ignorance of our Hero, in the following Story, is almoſt incredible. But if my Reader will ſeriouſly reflect (and has ſeen and obſerved much of the World) I am perſuaded he has met with ſome in his Life, not much inferior (both in Obſurdity and Oddity) to my *Friend Patrick* below,—But as Ignorance is a Subject which I have treated on before, in the firſt Volume of this Work, and is as hard to eradicate, where it is rooted, as to diſcover the *Univerſal Medicine*, I ſhall not dwell or expatiate any longer here, on that Head, but haſten immediately to preſent you my Tale:

Patrick O'Blunder, a very ſenſible and cute *Iriſhman* (as my Reader will find) came over from the County of *Kilkenny*, to *England*, in order to get him a Service; and in a few Days had the good Fortune to be hired to Sir *Jeremy Freeland*, near *Cheſter*, who the next week after ſet out, with his Family, for *London*. And when they came to town, the firſt Day, Dinner was ready dreſſed, according to Sir *Jeremy*'s Order by Letter, to a Servant who was left in the Houſe to take care of it; and amongſt other Things, a fine Sallad was prepared, to tally with a Piece of Roaſt Beef: But when Sir *Jeremy* went to dreſs it, as he generally did himſelf, there happened to be no Oil in the Houſe; and the reſt of the Servants being buſy, he called his new *Iriſh* Footman to go fetch him ſome.—Here (ſays he)

he) *Patrick*, you muſt go to ſome Shop and get me a Quart of eating Oil; any body will tell you where you may have it,——So away goes *Patrick*, and runs full drive into the firſt Shop he could ſee, which was a Baker's.——I want ſays he, a Quart of eating Oil for my Maſter.—I do nor ſell Oil, quoth the Man.——Arah, well (replied *Patrick*) but you can tell me where they do; yes (ſays the Baker) I can do that; and going to the Door (ſays he) here, Friend do you ſee yonder's Jar? Well, a Jar, and it is an Oil Shop; there you may have any Sort of Oil you want.——So away goes *Patrick*, and runs ſtaring into the Oil-ſhop, as he had done before into the Baker's.——Arah Shir (ſays he to the Oilman) are you a Jar?——A Jar; quoth the man; No! I am no Jar; but there is a Jar at the Door, I ſuppoſe that is what you mean. what might you want, pray?——Why, ſays *Patrick*, I want a Quart of Eating Oil for my Maſter, and I was ſhent here for it. That you may have, Sir (replies the Man) but what have you got to put it in? Arah, fait! nothing at all (quoth Teague) but you may put it in a Piece of Paper.——Paper! (cries the Oilman, in a Surprize) you cannot carry it in Paper! Why, it is a Liquid.——Arah, well (replies *Patrick*) what is that to you, what it is; cannot you put it in a Piece of Paper, as I deſire you?——Why (ſays the Man to him again) I tell you, you cannot carry it in a Piece of Paper; it will not hold it.——[Here he ſhewed ſome of it to *Patrick*, to convince him]——Look you here, ſays he, you cannot carry this in Paper, I believe; can you, do you think?——Fait ſays Teague, dat iſh very true: But I can carry it in my Hat, tho'.——O your Hat! (ſays the Oilman) ay, that is true; ſo you may, if you pleaſe.——Fait, and ſho I will den, ſays he. Here, put it in; but then it will ſpoil and wet de inſhide; and ſho' I will Cruſh down de Croon, and carry it wid outſhide my Hat.——Ay, do (ſays the Man) for he was willing to ſee the Joke; and ſo, down *Patrick* thruſts the Crown of his Hat, and into it the Man pours the Oil. But when this was done, the Conveniency he had thus made, would not hold above half of it.

—Well (quoth the Oilman) where now will you put the reſt?—Here, *Patrick*, after a little Pauſe, finding his fingers in a Cavity on the other Side his Hat, turns it upſidedown, in an Inſtant—O Fait! ſays he, put it in here!—So, in the Man pours it directly, tho' ready to burſt with laughing; and *Patrick* put his Hat, with one Corner under his Left Arm, very well pleaſed with his Contrivance; paid the Man for his Oil running down from the outſide of his Hat, upon all his Cloaths, to the very Shoes of him. Juſt as he came to the Door, his Maſter (being at the Parlour Window, and ſeeing what a Condition he was in with the Oil; and his Hat, as I have diſcribed it, under his Arm) run to the Door, in a great Paſſion, to meet him, and to prevent his coming into Parlour with it.—You Raſcal (ſays he) how came you in that Pickle? What have you in your Hat, there?——O fait! Shir (ſays *Patrick*) but it iſh the Oil that you ſhent me for.——Teague ſpeaking this ſo ſerioufly, and ſo ſeemingly compoſed, it made his Maſter ready to burſt out with Laughter, tho' he was provoked at his Ignorance, to the greateſt Degree.——Why, you Blockhead! (ſays he, for he now conceived Teague's Contrivance) I bid you bring a Quart of Oil; I am ſure there cannot be a Quart in your Hat: What have you done with the reſt?——Arah, fait, Shir, replies *Patrick*) but I have got the reſt o'the other Shide, now.—So turning his Hat upſide down again (in the Manner he had done beſtre) ſpilt all the reſt upon him. Which unexpected Turn of Ingenuity, procured from his Maſter, not only an immoderate Fit of Laughing but alſo an abſolute Pardon for his ſpoiling his Cloaths.

Of

Of GORDON the Highwayman and the DROVER.

All deſperate Hazards Courage do create,
As he plays frankeſt who has leaſt Eſtate;
But when true Courage is of Force bereft,
Patience the only Fortitude is left. Dryd.

I Apprehend that there are many Kinds of Courage, though indeed but one of the right Sort; and which, without doubt, is the greateſt both to be feared, loved and regarded: For this is neither the buſling of a Coward, nor the bluſt'ring of a Bully; but the Courage of a truly brave and ſenſible Man; one who is as cautious how he gives an Offence, as he is capable of reſenting one. It is very dangerous to provoke a Man of Spirit and Senſe; as that great Stateſman, the Marquis of *Hallifax*, has ſet it down as a Maxim, "Men of Underſtanding (ſays he) are generally Men of Reſentment." But as there are many Sorts of Courage, ſo is there likewiſe many Ways of ſhewing it. But I ſhall not here trouble my Readers with any further Definition on that Head: For as I have already preſented them with one Example of the Courage of our Hero in my firſt Volume, I ſhall now offer a ſecond; where my Readers will find an Example of a different Kind of Courage from the former, as I would inſinuate by the firſt two Lines of the above Motto. In my laſt Story of the above *Gordon*, it is to be obſerved, he was there the Challenger; but here he is the challenged: And, as my Readers will find, might have refuſed to have accepted of it, without any Loſs or Diſcredit to himſelf; nevertheleſs, as he had the leaſt to loſe, he (according to my above Motto) ventured the freeſt. And the other, as

we ſhall ſhew, being deprived of his Force, by the manly Abilities of his Antagoniſt (Mr. *Gordon*) was forced to ſubmit; and had nothing left but Patience to comfort him. Yet, before they parted, our Hero beſtowed upon him an uncomon Benevolence, eſpecially as from thoſe Sort of Gentry.

Mr. *Gordon*, the famous Highwayman, of whom we are here treating, was by Trade a Butcher; and it is generally reported of him, that he was both brave, generous and powerful; and indeed the preſent Story, if true, ſeems to confirm it. For it is ſaid that according to his frequent Cuſtom, he was one Day ſitting, diſguiſed, in a Publick Room in one of the Inns in *Smithfield*, where the Graziers and Saleſmen generally reſort; and ſeeing one of thoſe Men receive a large Sum of Money, he wanted to learn how he intended to diſpoſe of it.——Sir, ſaid he, if you propoſe to travel with all that Money about you, it would be prudent to take the beſt Method you can for its Security. For I am credibly informed that Mr. *Gordon* is upon your Road, and I ſhould be very loth to meet him, with ſo much Money about me.——

Why it is true replied Mr. *Greenmedow*, but I ſeldom travel from *London* with leſs than a Couple of Hundred Pounds about me, and I was never robbed in my Life, nor do I fear any one Man in *England*. ——Perhaps, returned Mr. *Gordon*, you may always travel well guarded with Fire arms; and even ſo, I ſhould imagine that you wou'd be in ſome Danger; for if *Gordon* was ſure you had a Sum of Money about you, and were ever ſo well armed, he would nevertheleſs attack you.——I do not know but he might, replied the other, but I never carry any Fire-arms at all, and I have heard ſay, that *Gordon* is ſo generous and ſo much of a Man, that if he be required to do it, he will fight any Man in *England* either with Stick or Fiſt. Now, if this be true, and I ſhall happen to meet him, I ſhall have no Occaſion for Fire-arms; for if he will allow me that Chance, and can beat me fairly he ſhall be welcome to it.——

And

And I dare anſwer for it, ſaid *Gordon*, that he would never deſire a better Chance for the Booty.—And, by G—d! replied the Grazier, if I meet him, and he ſhould attack me, I will try his Mettle and his Manhood too, if he will give me that Chance.—I will warrant you he does, returned *Gordon*, and if you ſhould happen to engage with him, I wiſh you good Luck Sir.———The other thanked him, and ſo their Converſation changed to other Topics. But the Grazier was no ſooner gone out of the Room, than our induſtrious Collector departed the Inn, and immediately prepared to give him the Meeting; which accordingly he did, about ten or twelve Miles out of Town, in a very narrow Lane, juſt before Sun-riſing; and in the Manner following.——— Good Morning to you, Sir, you are very luckily meet, faith I was juſt wiſhing for ſuch an opportunity to pay my Compliments, for I am ſure you are too generous to let me do it for nothing; and, therefore, I muſt beg you to be as expeditious in your Bounty as poſſible. This droll Way of treating him, together with the Sight of his Piſtol, convinced him (by what he had many Times heard of him) that he had now the agreeable Opportunity of reviewing and converſing with the famous Mr. *Gordon*; though he had not yet diſcovered that he had had the ſame Honour ſo lately: And willing to keep up the Spirit of the Scene, he replied to him, ——Sir, I believe that I may preſume, by your Good-nature and your Addreſs, that your Name is *Gordon*: And if I am right I have that high Opinion of you, by the Credit of common Fame, that you are too much of a Man, either to treat me ill, or deny me a ſmall Favour. I have in my Pocket, Sir, ſomething above 300l. and though it would be a very conſiderable Loſs to me and my Family yet upon the Strength of a little Converſation I chanced to have laſt Night with a Gentleman concerning you, I am tempted to believe you are above denying me my preſent Requeſt; which is, that you would put aſide your Fire-arms and give me a fair Chance for my Money, If you can beat me, like a

Man, you ſhall be heartily welcome to it, but if you cannot, I ſhould be glad to carry it home to my Wife and Family. And, Sir, I muſt farther add, that not only my own good Opinion of you, joined with the common Report of the World, but alſo, what the Gentleman I juſt mentioned aſſured me laſt Night, gives me ſome Hopes that you will anſwer this Petition.——Why, pray Sir, ſaid Mr. *Gordon*, what might that Gentleman advance laſt Night concerning me?——Why, replied the Grazier, that he was certain you would not refuſe me the Favour I now aſk; but would readily accept of the Propoſition.—Did he, replied *Gordon:* Why then, by G—d! I will not forfeit his good Opinion of me; name your Terms, and if they are ſuch as I can with Safety and Credit comply with, I will immediately embrace them.——

Why, Sir, ſaid the Grazier, according to the Cuſtom of your Profeſſion, you have ſaluted me with a cock'd Piſtol in your Hand; which abſolutely puts out of my Power to offer any Thing in my own Defence: But if you will alight from your Horſe, diveſt you of your Fire-arms, and Box me fairly for it; if you can beat me fairly, I will put the money between us, and it ſhall then be yours: But if, upon Trial, you ſhall chance to fail, and I come off Conqueror, then I hope I may be permitted to depart with my Money in Safety.

Yes, Sir, replied Mr. *Gordon:* But if I ſhould comply with this propoſition, and be vanquiſhed, you will then have it in your Power to make a very ſevere Repriſal upon me; for you may deliver me up to the Law, and I ſhall not be able to prevent it; the Conſequence of which I may dread ſufficiently.——No, Sir, anſwered the honeſt Grazier, before I would be guilty of ſuch a raſcally Action to one who had behaved himſelf ſo nobly, I would ſooner die in his Defence a thouſand times, if poſſible.——Say you ſo! cried *Gordon*, why then thou a brave fellow; and I ſhould be both a Coward and a Villain to refuſe thee. Come let us faſten out Horſes on the other ſide the Hedge,

Hedge, and they only ſhall be the Witneſs of our Conflict.

Here they both diſmounted by Agreement, and having led their Horſes into an adjacent Field, tied them faſt to a Tree, and then being both ſtript, and the Golden Prize depoſited before them by the Grazier, Mr. *Gordon* demanded of his Antagoniſt, what Exerciſe he particularly choſe to begin with, who anſwered, if you pleaſe we will take a Bout or two with Sticks: To which he aſſented. And after about ten Minutes ſevere Exerciſe with that Weapon, the Grazier being ſeverely thraſhed and pretty well tired, begged to change their Weapons, and now to make an Effort with their Fiſts; which was immediately complied with: which was ſerved up with all the Force and Art imaginable, till after a furious and obſtinate Diſpute of about half an Hour, the poor, ſorely beaten Grazier being quite ſpent, and no longer able to endure the Combat, was forced to yield a total and abſolute Conqueſt to his victorious Opponent. This Victory being declared to the Honour and Advantage of Mr. *Gordon*, he immediately ſeized the Prize, according to ſtipulation; and then he addreſſed his vanquiſhed Benefactor thus. —— Come, my honeſt Friend, let not this Misfortune hurt your noble Spirits, you are a very gallant Man; I never encountered with a braver Fellow, in my Life; and for which you now fare the better. You ſay there is upwards of 300l. in this Bag, if you had died a Dunghill, as the Saying is, you ſhould never have fingered Sixpence of it more; but as you have ſupported yourſelf, like a worthy and brave Combitant, we will fairly and exactly ſhare the Booty between us. And muſt further adviſe you, that I was the Perſon who laſt Night took upon me to anſwer for the Bravery of Mr. *Gordon*; and whether I have anſwered that Warrantry or not to your Expectation, you have experienced.

Here they both ſat down, Foot to Foot, and equally divided the aforeſaid Money between them; which being done, they both ſhook Hands, mounted their Horſes, and ſo parted very good Friends. And

Mr.

Mr. *Gordon*, as a further Teſtimony of his Regard for him, gave the Grazier a Word of Note, that if he was again attacked, he by that Means would eſcape a ſecond Plunder: And further aſſured him, that from that Day forward he ſhould never be robbed again upon that Road while he, the ſaid *Gordon*, lived.

HONESTY and AVARICE both rewarded.

Av'rice, whatever Shape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its Cares.

Gay's Fab.

I Believe it is more than can be made out, that an avaricious Man can be moraly honeſt; and it would be as hard a Taſk for any Miſer (though ever ſo great an Orator) againſt a rational Opponent, to defend the mortal Thirſt of Avarice. In my Opinion, it is a very malignant Diſtemper, that were it contagious, would ſoon be the Deſtruction of the World. What is it but Avarice that prompts Men on to murder! thieving! over-reaching: betraying! Fraud! Perjury! and all Kinds of Hipocriſy? It is the Foundation, Spring and Cauſe of all Evils and Miſchiefs. The generous Man is not ſubject to any of theſe; whereas the greedy Man is capable of them all. Avarice is an Abomination both to God and Man; for he that poſſeſſes it, deſerves not the Appellation of Human; neither can there be any Bleſſing, human or divine, attend it. And if it were not my Fear of drawing this Reflection to too great a Length for many of my Readers I ſhould have great Pleaſure in offering here ſomething of my own poor Thoughts on that Head; but this I muſt ſay, that I ſhall ever be of Opinion, that either by Anxieties of Mind, dread of Loſſes, fear of Thieves, conſtant Cares and Contrivances for Gain; and the dreadful Appre-

Apprehenſions of the Law, and many more ſuch unwelcome Compariſons; their Lives, in fact, are not much more agreeable to themſelves, than they are to the reſt of the World. And, ſometimes, other Kinds of Puniſhment attack them: ſuch as my Readers will find in the following Tale.

Tom Hardy, a poor fellow, who had a Wife and ſeveral Children, by ſome means or other, happened to be in Poſſeſſion of a trifling Curioſity; and being informed by ſome of his Acquaintance that the Duke *d'Epingle* was a great Virtuoſo, and a charitable good Man, he repairs immediately to his Grace's Houſe, with his little preſent; and knocking at the Door, he acquainted the Porter with his Buſineſs; and entreated him, at the ſame Time, with all his Force to carry his Meſſage to the Duke. But all the Arguments he could advance were not ſufficient to prevail on the Porter, either to admit him into the Hall, where he might wait for his Grace's coming out, or to deliver his Buſineſs to himſelf. At length, an Expedient came into his Head which happen'd to ſucceed. Says he to the Porter,——I know his Grace is very curious and generous; and am ſure, what I have here to preſent him, will pleaſe him; therefore, if you will be kind enough to gain me his Grace's Preſence, I will give you my Word, and pawn my Life for it, that you ſhall honeſtly and faithfully receive the half of whatſoever his Grace's Bounty is pleaſed to beſtow upon me for it.

The Porter, being a little moved with this Promiſe, after aſking a few trifling Queſtions, admitted him into the Hall; and as *Tom* deſired him, went immediately to let his Grace know the Affair; and alſo tried all the Skill he had to prevail upon him to admit *Tom* into his Preſence.——Said he, an't pleaſe your Grace, here is a poor Man in the Hall, who, as he tells me, has got a very ſurpriſing Curioſity to ſhew your Grace, if your Grace pleaſes to give him leave. —— Prithee, what is it? demands his Duke.——Indeed, my Lord, replied the Porter, I cannot tell what it is, for he would neither ſhew it to me, nor tell me what it is;

he

Mr. *Gordon*, as a further Teſtimony of his Regard for him, gave the Grazier a Word of Note, that if he was again attacked, he by that Means would eſcape a ſecond Plunder: And further aſſured him, that from that Day forward he ſhould never be robbed again upon that Road while he, the ſaid *Gordon*, lived.

HONESTY and AVARICE both rewarded.

Av'rice, whatever Shape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its Cares.

Gay's Fab.

I Believe it is more than can be made out, that an avaricious Man can be moraly honeſt; and it would be as hard a Taſk for any Miſer (though ever ſo great an Orator) againſt a rational Opponent, to defend the mortal Thirſt of Avarice. In my Opinion, it is a very malignant Diſtemper, that were it contagious, would ſoon be the Deſtruction of the World. What is it but Avarice that prompts Men on to murder! thieving! over-reaching: betraying! Fraud! Perjury! and all Kinds of Hipocrify? It is the Foundation, Spring and Cauſe of all Evils and Miſchiefs. The generous Man is not ſubject to any of theſe; whereas the greedy Man is capable of them all. Avarice is an Abomination both to God and Man; for he that poſſeſſes it, deſerves not the Appellation of Human; neither can there be any Bleſſing, human or divine, attend it. And if it were not my Fear of drawing this Reflection to too great a Length for many of my Readers I ſhould have great Pleaſure in offering here ſomething of my own poor Thoughts on that Head; but this I muſt ſay, that I ſhall ever be of Opinion, that either by Anxieties of Mind, dread of Loſſes, fear of Thieves, conſtant Cares and Contrivances for Gain; and the dreadful Appre-

Apprehenſions of the Law, and many more ſuch unwelcome Compariſons; their Lives, in fact, are not much more agreeable to themſelves, than they are to the reſt of the World. And, ſometimes, other Kinds of Puniſhment attack them: ſuch as my Readers will find in the following Tale.

Tom Hardy, a poor fellow, who had a Wife and ſeveral Children, by ſome means or other, happened to be in Poſſeſſion of a trifling Curioſity; and being informed by ſome of his Acquaintance that the Duke *d'Epingle* was a great Virtuoſo, and a charitable good Man, he repairs immediately to his Grace's Houſe, with his little preſent; and knocking at the Door, he acquainted the Porter with his Buſineſs; and entreated him, at the ſame Time, with all his Force to carry his Meſſage to the Duke. But all the Arguments he could advance were not ſufficient to prevail on the Porter, either to admit him into the Hall, where he might wait for his Grace's coming out, or to deliver his Buſineſs to himſelf. At length, an Expedient came into his Head which happen'd to ſucceed. Says he to the Porter,——I know his Grace is very curious and generous; and am ſure, what I have here to preſent him, will pleaſe him; therefore, if you will be kind enough to gain me his Grace's Preſence, I will give you my Word, and pawn my Life for it, that you ſhall honeſtly and faithfully receive the half of whatſoever his Grace's Bounty is pleaſed to beſtow upon me for it.

The Porter, being a little moved with this Promiſe, after aſking a few trifling Queſtions, admitted him into the Hall; and as *Tom* deſired him, went immediately to let his Grace know the Affair; and alſo tried all the Skill he had to prevail upon him to admit *Tom* into his Preſence.——Said he, an't pleaſe your Grace, here is a poor Man in the Hall, who, as he tells me, has got a very ſurpriſing Curioſity to ſhew your Grace, if your Grace pleaſes to give him leave. —— Prithee, what is it? demands his Duke.——Indeed, my Lord, replied the Porter, I cannot tell what it is, for he would neither ſhew it to me, nor tell me what it is;

he

he ſaid that no body ſhould ſee it, till your Grace had done with it; but he aſſures me that it is a very ſurpriſing and uncommon Curioſity, and well worthy your Grace's Obſervation.—— Prithee, let him come in, ſaid the Duke.——Here the Porter returned to the poor Man, very well ſatisfied with his preſent Proſpect, and (for the ſake of his own Intereſt, we may ſuppoſe, more than the others) conveyed *Tom* to his Grace in a Minute; and the Duke bidding him come in and ſhut the Door, demanded of him, what this mighty Curioſity was. Here he produced it; though the Story does not particularly inform us what wonderful Phenomenon it was, nor is it indeed very material to the Reader. However, the Duke having ſurveyed it to his Satisfaction, demanded of the poor Fellow thus.——

Prithe, Friend, what could you expect I ſhould give you for this fine Thing?——An't pleaſe your Grace, returned the poor Man, if I might be permitted to ſpeak freely, without offending your Grace (although I am a very poor Fellow, and have a Wife and Family to maintain, and work as hard for my living as any Man in this Country) yet, I do not deſire a ſingle Shilling of your Grace for it. Only this, if the Thing, pleaſes your Grace, that you will pleaſe to accept of it, and with your Grace's Pardon do me a ſmall Favour; which if your Grace is ſo good as to grant, and forgive me this Freedom, I will ever think myſelf obliged to your Grace for your great Generoſity.——Well. What is this Favour? quoth the Duke; ſpeak Man. ——Why I muſt own, replied he, that it is a Propoſal which perhaps may ſurprize your Grace; but it is only that your Grace will be ſo kind as to permit me to pull off my Cloaths before your Grace, and that you would condeſcend to deal me twenty ſevere Laſhes with a Horſewhip upon my bare Back; and afterwards I will give your Grace my Reaſon for begging this odd and unſeemly Requeſt.——Ay, ay, Sir, ſaid the Duke, if you love Horſewhiping, I will give you your Belly full of it, and your Back full too, I'll warrant you, Friend.——My Lord, replied the Man, my Boon,

if

if your Grace pleaſes, is but for twenty Laſhes, with which I hope your Grace will oblige me.——That I will preſently, replies the Duke, and every one of ſhall ſtand for one, I'll anſwer for it. With that he rings the Bell, and in comes his Valet-de-Chambre. Fetch me hither the Horſewhip, ſays the Duke to him. Away goes the Valet, and returned with the Whip in a Minute.——Now, ſhut the Door, ſays the Duke, and go about your Buſineſs. And now, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſtrip (ſays he to the Man.)——May I be ſo bold an't pleaſe your Grace, quoth *Tom*, to pull of my Shirt, too?——Ay, G——d d——mn you, ſaid the Duke, you may pull off your Skin if you will, you ſhall have it as cloſe as you pleaſe.——With that the poor Man pulled off his Coat, Waiſtcoat, and Shirt, and ſtanding with his Hands ſtretched up againſt the Wainſcot, he made as fair a Back as though he had been tied up at the Gangway: And now the Duke began to lay him on, and but as he could well ſtrike, both of them counting the Laſhes, till they came to ten; and the poor Man never ſo much as once cried, Oh! at them, all the time, but as ſoon as he had received ten of them, he ſuddenly turned himſelf about.——Hold! ſays he, and pleaſe your Grace, if you will pleaſe to vouchſafe me a Minute's Reſpite, I have a Word or two that I would humbly offer to your Grace.——O, ho! replied the Duke, I thought I ſhould tire you before you had received your full Tale of twenty. But what is it you have to ſay to me? Why an't pleaſe your Grace, replied the Man, I have had my Share; and as I have a partner in the Hall, who, according to Agreement, was to go Halves with me, I muſt further Petition your Grace that you will be ſo kind as to deal him the other ten.——G——d d——mn you, you Raſcal, cries the Duke, in a violent Paſſion, do you make a *Jack-Ketch* of me? Am I to whip all the Pariſh and be d——n'd to you? Come turn yourſelf about, Sir, this Minute; I inſiſt upon giving you your full Bargain.——Here the poor Man fell immediately upon his Knees.——May it pleaſe your Grace, ſays he, only to hear me a few Words. The Partner I mean your Grace's

Grace's Porter: When I came to your Grace's Door, and acquainted him with my Buſineſs, I could not prevail with him at any Rate, to introduce my Buſineſs to your Grace, or gain Admiſſion into your Hall; till I was forced to promiſe him (and vow by all that is good in Man) that I would give him half of whatſoever your Grace's Bounty ſhould beſtow upon me; and therefore, I have been thus bold and unſeemly in this my Requeſt towards your Grace; only for the Sake of puniſhing his Cruelty.——Is this true, that you tell me? replied the Duke. Yes, upon my Word, ſays the Man, if I tell your Grace a Lie, may you chaſtiſe me hereafter according to my Deſert.——Why then, replied the Duke, as you have ſo hardily put the Inſtrument of Juſtice into my Hand, I will honeſtly uſe it, without Partiality. Here take up your Cloathes, and go into that Cloſet, till I call for you.——Here, as ſoon as the Man was gone into the Cloſet, the Duke rang the Bell for a Servant, whom he ordered to ſend the Porter to him immediately: So when he came to him, his Grace ſalutes him thus:—How comes it, Sir, that you do think not proper to diſcharge your Duty, as my Servant, without being bribed to it? The poor Man who brought me that Curioſity juſt now, tells me, that he could not prevail with you to acquaint me with his Buſineſs, till he had promiſed to give you half of whatſoever I ſhould give him for it. Is this true?——The Porter was quite confounded at this unexpected Thunderbolt; but at length recovering himſelf a little, he replied,——May it pleaſe your Grace, I never demanded any ſuch Thing from him.——No, Sir, ſaid the Duke, I know you did not demand it, but you did not think proper to undertake his Meſſage, till he had made you that promiſe; and the Man has been ſo ſtrictly honeſt, according to your Agreement, as to depoſit in my Hands the one half of my Bounty for your ſole Uſe; and which I will give you my Honour, I will not cheat you in the leaſt of: You ſhall ſee what he has received for his Share, and depend upon it, you ſhall receive the like.——Here, Sir, where are you? ſays he to the Man in the Cloſet;——with that the

poor

poor Man immediately came to them, naked; as before deſcribed,——There, Sir, ſays the Duke to the Porter, can you read theſe Characters? Do you think they are legible? This, at his Requeſt, have I beſtowed upon him, as his Share of that Reward, which, according to Contract, was to be divided between you: And now, Sir, I deſire that you will make yourſelf ready for the Reception of your part; for, upon my Honour, if you do not immediately ſtrip and ſubmit to your Agreement, I will call in all my Servants, and they ſhall tie you Neck and Heels. Therefore, no delay, Sir, but ſtrip at once.——With that the Porter was forced to comply; and pulling off his Cloaths, begged very hard that his Grace would pleaſe to be favourable to him. But all Partiality aſide, his Grace diſcharged the Porter's Share in much the ſame ſtampt Coin that he had paid the other in; but the Porter, it ſeems, did not take it quite ſo patiently as his Partner had done; for he cried out in a moſt lamentable Manner, during the Execution. When all was over, ſaid his Grace to him;——Now, Sir, you have received no more than the Contents of your Agreement; and if you are any wiſe diſguſted at it, you may, if you pleaſe, take your Choice, either go to your Duty, or go to the Steward, and he ſhall diſcharge you. You richly deſerve what you have now received; for if you thought it was proper that I ſhould have been acquainted with this Man's Buſineſs, you ought to have done it immediately without a Bribe; but if it was your Opinion that it was improper to trouble me with it, why then you ſhould have diſcharged him, and not have mentioned him, or his Buſineſs to me at all. Therefore, as it is plain you are culpable, you are only now rewarded according to your Fidelity. So Sir, you may go about your Buſineſs, and take your Choice, as I have before inſtructed you.

The Porter being gone (with a ſorrowful Face and Heart, and a terrible ſore Back) the Duke ſays to the poor Man;——here Friend, opening his Bureau, in Reward for your Honeſty, Reſolution, and Patience, there is Fifty Guineas for you. Go about your Buſi-

neſs; nouriſh your Family, and take care of yourſelf, till you are well.——Here the poor Man was almoſt out of his Wits for Joy, at his Grace's Generoſity, and calling for a thouſand Bleſſings upon him, he (after he was dreſs'd again) taking the Money all in his Hat, goes through the Hall, and there he ſees his Partner, the weeping Porter, who had not yet quite dried his Eyes. ——Here! ſays he, to him, you fooliſh Blockhead! do you ſee? Here is Fifty Guineas, Man! Half of it belongs to you.——Get you gone, you Son of a B——h, ſays the Porter, in a ſniviling Tone, and go to Hell, if you will? I will have nothing to do with you, nor your Money, neither.——So, the poor Man got Fifty Guineas to comfort his Back, and the Porter a good Drubbing for his Meanneſs and Avarice.

The Crafty and Valiant WELCHMAN.

A Wight he was, whoſe very Sight wou'd
Entitle him to Mirrour of Knighthood:
That never bow'd his ſtubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry,——
But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout. Hud.

ROmantic as the following Story may ſeem to my Readers, yet that Craft and Simplicity, which appears in the *Welch* Hero of it, is as like the ignorant and ſelfiſh Cunning of the Country, as any thing can be imagined; and ſince it will admit of a pleaſant Kind of Humour in the Relation of it, and without flying from the Rules of Nature and Probability, I ſhall venture to give it a Place in this Collection. Where I firſt heard the Hints of the Tale, I cannot aſcertain; nor how it may be received here, I cannot tell: But as I have ſeveral times given great Satisfaction in the Delivery of it to my Acquaintance, who have likewiſe deſired

ſired its Appearance here. I know of no Cauſe, at preſent, that can be ſufficient to make me refuſe it.

Evan-ap-Peugh, an *Antient Briton* from *North Wales*, had a mighty mind to travel for Edification; and, willing to ſeek the politeſt Part of the World, he bent his Mind for *France*. Now, we ſhould obſerve, that there is a Place in that Kingdom, called *Britaigny*, which, in ſome Parts of it, as Hiſtorians do affirm, are to this Day inhabited by no other Kind of People but antient *Britons*, (as the *Welch* do always term themſelves) and that it was a Place of Refuge given to them in former Ages, when they were put to Flight by their too powerful Enemies, the *Engliſh*; and therefore, it's ſaid, the Place takes its Name from them.

When our Traveller was landed upon the *French* Shore, tho' I know not at what Part of it, he enquired, in the beſt Manner he could (for he knew not a Word of *French*) which was hur way to *Pritany*. And at laſt, whether he was directed that way by any who underſtood him, or whether Chance had brought him there, is of no great Conſequence, either to the Reader or to the Story; but ſo it was, by ſome Means or other, that he got into a great Foreſt belonging to the *French* King, where he often took the Diverſion and Exerciſe of hunting wild Boars. And here they were bred and kept for that Purpoſe.

Now it happened, that, as the *Welchman* was wandering through this Foreſt. he, all of a ſudden, was ſurpriſed with a terrible Noiſe and a mighty Ruſling amongſt the Leaves, when looking round to ſee from whence it came, he ſaw a monſtrous wild Boar come towards him, and foaming at the Mouth, like a madthing; ſeeing the fierce Boar, thus ſuddenly, the poor *Welchman*, in ſome Deſpair, began to look out ſharp, for ſome Place, if poſſible, to ſhelter him in. And, as Providence was pleaſed to order it, there happened, juſt by him, to be a Hermit's Cave, void of any Inhabitant; and the *Welchman*, to his great Joy, ſeeing the Door half open, runs directly therein, and gets behind it; thinking himſelf as ſecure now, as a Theif

or a Murderer in a Roman-Catholic Chnrch, in *France*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, or *Rome* But he was no ſooner got into the Cave, than the foaming Boar ruſh'd in after him. The *Welchman*, finding the Boar purſue him into the Cave, he inſtantly turn'd ſhort out of it; and, with the preſence of Mind and Motion, as quick as Lightening, pulled the Door as hard as he could after him; and the enrag'd Boar, turning alſo about to follow him, run full butt againſt the Door, and which, ſticking a little before, he made it now quite faſt, for the more he puſhed againſt it, the faſter it was. But the poor *Welchman*, having as yet not recovered his Fright, had not the Power to leave the Place; but there he ſtood, all over in a trembling Sweat. In two or three Minutes (or leſs) up came the *French* King and his Attendance; for the Boar that was ſhut up in the Cave, was one which the King and his Nobles had purſued in a Chaſe, and which had a little out ran them. The Dogs, directed by their Noſe, immediately made up to to the Door where he was incloſed, but ſtuck ſo faſt, that their weight could not open it: So one of the King's Attendance came up to the *Welchman*, and demanded in *French*, if he had not ſeen a wild Boar run that way; but the *Welchman* anſwering him in broken *Engliſh*, that he did not underſtand him, one of the Nobles, who underſtood *Engliſh* very well, aſked him in that Language, if he had ſeen a wild Boar paſs by him a few Minutes before?——I do not know what is wild Poar, replied the *Welchman*, not I; put inteet; here was little Shakey-Pig come up to me juſt now, in a crate Paſſions and Fury, look you, ant was going to pite me; put egot, I was take hur by the Tail, and throw hur into that Houſe, look you, and I believe hur was there now.——The King, who underſtood a little *Engliſh*, demanded an Explication of what the *Welchman* ſaid; and the Nobleman told his Majeſty, that he ſaid he did not know what a wild Boar was; but that he ſaid there was a Jackipig come up to him, and was going to bite him, but he took him by the Tail, and put him into that Houſe. Now, pleaſe your Majeſty, what they call a Jackipig in ſome parts of *England*, is a little

tle Sucking-pig; ſo that I ſhould think it can never be the wild Boar that he has put in there.——No, no (replied the King, to be ſure it cannot; but however, whatever it is that he has put in there, order him to fetch it out immediately. So, the aforeſaid Nobleman told the *Welſhman*, that it was his Majeſty's Pleaſure that he ſhould fetch this little Jackipig out of the Houſe, that he might ſee him. But the *Welchman* not caring for the Talk, anſwered him again,——Py Got! not I; if hur was want hur out, hur may fetch hur out again himſelf, if hur will; for by Got, I was not like to meddle with hur any more, look you.——Here the Nobleman told his Majeſty what the *Welchman* ſaid, and, at the ſame Time, he inſinuated to his Majeſty, that he was but a poor ignorant Fellow, and that he had very little Faith in what he had related.——So the King ordered the Spearmen who attended him in the Chace, to force the Door open; which they did immediately, and out came the Boar, with the utmoſt Fury, when the Dogs fell inſtantly upon him, and the Sport was renewed; but the King was ſo amazed at what had happaned, about the *Welchman*'s putting the wild Boar into the Cave by the Tail, that he could not quit the Place for ſome Time; ſaid he to his Attendance, we thought it impoſſible for this Stranger to put ſuch a Creature into that Cave, and ſhut the Door upon him (as he ſaid he had done) but you find it ſo. How came he in, and the Door ſhut, elſe; It was not five Minutes before that we ſaw the Creature before us; and this Man, you all ſaw, was there by himſelf. How it could be, or how it could be otherwiſe, I own is to me amazing! I deſire my Lord (continued he to the Nobleman who was their Interpreter) that you will take care I ſee this wonder of a Man to-morrow.——So, here, the King rode in purſuit of his Sport; and the Nobleman, according to his Majeſty's Command) ſtaid with the *Welchman* to give him Directions where he ſhould come to him the next Day, in order to his being introduced to the King and Court. Accordingly, the next Day the *Welchman* came, and the Nobleman carried him immediately to his Majeſty;

who, when he demanded a further Account from him concerning the wild Boar, the *Welchman* told him the very ſame Story, without Variation. Then his Majeſty aſked him what Religion he was of, but the *Welchman* could give him very little account of that; and the King, finding by his Ignorance, he was as likely to make a Papiſt of as any thing, offered him a Poſt in his Service; and the *Welchman* being very much pleaſed at the fine Appearance of the Gend-arms, or Life Guards, told his Majeſty,——that if he would give him a Horſe, and make him one of thoſe fine Folks, he ſhould be obliged to hur.——At this the King was a little ſurprized, that he aſked for nothing better; but however, he gave Orders that he ſhould be immediately equipt. And he was no ſooner initiated into the Corps, but all the *Frenchmen* therein wiſhed him at the Devil, and contracted a moſt mighty Mixture of Fear and Hatred for him; for not a Man in the Troop dared to contradict him. The Story of his puting the wild Boar in the Cave, was ſufficient to intimidate the boldeſt of them. At length, the *Welchman* having been a kind of Law-giver amongſt them a great while, without the leaſt Interruption, they now began to ſcheme and form a Plot againſt him, in order, if poſſible, to lower his Mettle. So they went privately through the Corps, and raiſed by Subſcription a Purſe of a thouſand Livres for any Man that would challenge and fight him at any Weapon; and five hundred more he was to have if he conquered. But none would undertake to do it for a great while; at laſt, a very good Swordſman, and one who kept a Fencing-School, undertook to challenge him: And, in order to give him a publick Correction, they got leave from their Commander (who was likewiſe obliged to aſk it of the King, for the *Welchman* was a great Favourite of his Majeſty's) for the Honour of *France*, to make a pitcht and publick Battle of it. When the *Welchman* received the Challenge, and found that his Honour, his Place, and every thing of Value lay at Stake, and depended upon his Succeſs in this diſagreeable Engagement, he began to ſcheme all the Ways he could think on, to accompliſh

pliſh his Safety and Eſcape; and at laſt he reſolves as follows: ——The Day for this bloody Battle being fixed for the Morrow, at Eight o'clock in the Morning, the *Welchman* determined not to ſtir from home till a full Quarter after; and till ſeveral Meſſengers had come in queſt of him; for the good natured *Frenchmen* were in great Eagerneſs to have him diſpatched. But *Taffy* having ſtayed in his Appartment as long as he thought proper (either plotting or praying) he bundled up a ruſty old Sword, a Spade and a Pickax, and away he trudges to the Place appointed. There he found his Antagoniſt ready ſtript, and exerciſing with another Maſter, to put his Hand in againſt he engaged; and whole Multitudes of People were aſſembled to ſee this bloody Encounter, which was expected to be the moſt worthy Obſervation of any ſingle Combat that ever had been fought in that Kingdom before. As ſoon as the *Welchman* came to the Place appointed, they all began to reproach him with a general Voice for over ſtaying his Time; and his Antagoniſt (whoſe Spirits were ſupported and kept up by the Encouragement of his Friends) brandiſhing his Sword, with great Eagerneſs challenged him to the Combat. At which, the *Welchman* careleſly replied; don't you put yourſelf into a Paſſions; you ſhall ſint, that I am come time enough for you preſently. So throwing down his Bundle, and pulling off his Cloaths very deliberaely, inſtead of his Sword, he takes his Spade in his Hand, and looking ſeveral Times very earneſtly at his Antagoniſt, he makes a Mark upon the Turff like a Grave, and then begins to dig and throw the Earth out of it, and to pick with his Pickax, and to work as hard as he was able. At length, the *Frenchman*, who ſtood all this while ravouring, and ready to engage with him, demanded, with ſome Contempt, what he was about? And why he did not come and anſwer his Challenge? ——Ay, ay, quoth the *Welchman*, you are in a plakey Hurry, look you, put I pray you dont you trouble yourſelf any more apout it; I ſhall to for you Time enough, preſently. But I will not come till I have done what I am apout; for by Got! as I am a Shentleman

Shentleman and a Chriſtian Man, and every Thing elſe in the Orlt, I have never kilt a Man in my whole Life, but I have bury him.——Ha! vat is dat he ſay? quoth the *Frenchman*, Cat Tan! I varrant he has kill ten tuſand Men in his Life; elſe, by Begard he would never take deTrouble to make dis Grave for me! but I will ſee dem all at de Diable, Jornebleau' 'fore he ſhall kill and bury me, to make dem all Sport, Begar!——So as ſoon as the *Frenchman* ſaw the *Welchman*'s Eyes another way, he ſet out full drive; and run with all the Force and Speed he was Maſter off. And as ſoon as he was got far enough off, the *Welchman* (who, with great Joy ſaw him ſet out) now holding up his Head, and and ſeeing him; as by Accident, running away, catches up his Sword, and ſtarting after him, calls out, as loud as he could roar;——Got tam hur, does hur run away at laſt, like a Filain? I pray you, ſtop hur! and pring hur pack again to hur Grave, look you!——But all Attempts to make the *Frenchman* return, were uſed in vain; for he never ſtopt till he was got quite off, nor could he be heard of till ſome time after. And thus the *Welchman* ſaved both his Life and his Credit; for no *Frenchman* in the whole Kingdom, from that Hour, durſt to challenge him ever after. And the Story may further add, that the *Welchman*, to this Day, enjoys the Place and Honour of the *French* King's Champion.

O beware of JEALOUSY.

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!
We ſhriek at Thunder, dread the ruſtling Wind;——
Yet, when ſtrong Jealouſy inflames the Soul,
The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempeſts roul.
Lee's Alex.

AS Jealouſy is certainly a kind of Diſtemper in the Mind, which is a Vice in ſome, and Folly in others, and indeed, very dangerous to every one where-

whereever it lives; and, as it ariſes and increaſes in different Perſons and Conſtitutions, from different Ideas and Suggeſtions, which thereby produce quite different Effects; ſo it is more or leſs dangerous and weak to tamper, or provoke any married Perſon who is Subject to this unruly Paſſion; and the more ſo, as we ought to conſider that when this Head-ſtrong Monſter breaks out, no one breathing can foretel the dreadful Conſequences; and, frivolous or trifling as it may ſeem to ſome heedleſs and unthinking People, it is a Wild-fire that muſt be no wiſe play'd with. It is thoſe Reflections which prevail upon me to offer the Publick the following ſad Tale, a mournful and true Example, within my own Knowledge of this unguarded, and indeed unwarrantable Proceeding; much hoping that if it prove not a timely or uſeful Caution to my Reader, he will pardon my Attempt, for the good of my Intentions.

In the Counny of *Wilts* lived a young Gentleman, who was poſſeſs'd of an Eſtate of about an hundred Pounds *per Ann.* free Land, at his own diſpoſal, when he married a Neighbour's Daughter, an agreeable young Perſon, with likewiſe a very pretty Fortune: They were extreamly fond of each other, had one Son about five Years old, and lived together with the greateſt Harmony imaginable, when the following ſad Accident happened: The Farmer, whoſe true Name we ſhall diſguiſe under that of *Lukeleſs* was a luſty, florid, hale, and well-made Man; and being a Perſon of good modeſt natural Parts, as well as a good Sportſman, the Gentlemen all round that Neighbourhood were fond of his Company in Shooting, *&c.* When being one Day engaged in ſome one of theſe Diverſions, and Night drawing near, a Group of young Lads and Laſies (who were either going, or had been at ſome appointed Merry-making) paſſing by Mr. *Lukeleſs*'s Houſe, they ſaw his Wife in the Garden, when one of them (miſtaking Ignorance for Mirth and Humour) addreſs'd her thus:

How do you, Madam? You little think where we ſaw your Huſband about half an Hour ago, or what he

he was about,——You are very right reply'd Mrs. *Lukeleſs*, it is very unlikely that I ſhould; but pray where was it that you ſaw him.——O, reply'd the ſame merry Perſon, we ſaw him engaged as ſlyly and as cloſely as could be, he thought himſelf ſecure, and that no-body had ſeen him, but he was miſtaken. ——But where was it? demanded Mrs. *Lukeleſs*. ——Why, at the *Red Lyon*, anſwered the other (which was a Publick-houſe, about half a Mile from that Place) And how was he engaged, when you ſaw him? cry'd ſhe——Why (return'd the other) with a very pretty Woman, I aſſure you, and he was as ſweet upon her as you could wiſh.——I believe, anſwered the good Wife, you are under a Miſtake? for my Huſband is ſome Miles another Way.——Ay, you may think ſo, reply'd the other; but, I aſſure you, you ary miſtaken, for we left him as we tell you with as pretty a Girl as in this Pariſh.——Here, perceiving Mrs. *Lukeleſs* to change Colour (in order to carry on their witty Scene) they all with one Voice confirm'd the Truth of their Companion's Aſſertion, and then proceeded on their Way, and left her to reliſh their Impoſition in what Manner ſhe might.

Surely it is not an irrational Argument, to ſay, that the poor Woman, by liſtening to this ungracious Hiperbole, had ſucked through her Ears a Sufficiency of that Poiſon to infect and inflame her whole Maſs of Blood; for ſhe now pondered and ruminated on a thouſand new and malignant Ideas that readily preſented themſelves on this Occaſion. She readily conceived, within herſelf, that it was very poſſible that he might be the ſame way engaged, and, doubtleſs, with the ſame Perſon who employed his preſent and private Time and Affection, at other Times and Seaſons, when he had made her to believe that he was differently dipoſed of. That if it was poſſible (as it now ſeemed true) that he could ſo diſguiſe the Countenance of his Love, as outwardly to appear wholly devouted to her Right of Affection; and at the ſame Moment, to enrertain a criminal Inclination and Correſpondence with another; ſhe was not only thereby diſappointed and deceived,

deceived, but alſo moſt groſly injured and abuſed; ſince the Affection ſhe had ever preſerved for him was not only pure and unaffected, but likewiſe more elevated and delighted by her ſuppoſed equivalent Return. It may ſeem, to ſome of my Readers, a little unneceſſary and prolix to attempt here a further and particular Enlargement on her preſent inward Perturbation and Conſtruction: Let it, therefore, ſuffice, that I aſſure them, ſhe was in a very ſmall time ſo abſolutely and thoroughly diſtempered, that a raving Bedlamite might claim as much Pretence to Reaſon, as her unhappy Self. The ſwoln Heart, big with its conceived Abuſe within its wonted, peaceful Confines, beat with a redoubled Force; and the rouzed Soul glowing with uncommon Heat, melted her tender Sorrow into Streams, and poured them forth with moſt impetuous Guſhings through the ridiant and agitated Portals of her Eyes. From Tears, ſucceeded Fits; and then, conjointly, both took Place together. By thoſe Conjunctions and ſucceſſive Alternatives the wholeſome Temperature of her Blood and Reaſon was quite overthrown; ſo that the remaining unhappy Tribute of our Tale we ſomewhat apprehend will prove as ungreatful to our humane Readers, as to our grieved and reluctant Pen. But ſince it is not our Duty, Intereſt, or Deſign, to conceal any Part of this too true and lamentable Story from our Readers, we ſhall now proceed with all neceſſary Speed and Caution, to unfold the dreadful Iſſue.

When the above Fermentation had ſome time acted with ſuch unwholeſome Workings, the undeſerved, ſlandered, and abuſed Huſband, returned home, quite ignorant of all and every the leaſt Part of what we have here related. How, then, ſhall we lament his ſudden, unhappy Condition? when, inſtead of his uſual Salute, and welcome Entertainment, ſerved forth at his firſt Entrance, by his faithful, eager, and deſirable Wife (whoſe ready Duty, and unfeigned Love, was wont to fly, with ſuch delighted Haſte, to hail his joy'd Return)! Now! O dire Reverſe! She no ſooner heard the Sound of his Voice (which lately ſeemed ſo harmonious)

ous) but inſtantly mounting into the ſwifteſt, hotteſt Rage! ſhe flew, with the utmoſt Fury, to his Head; and without ſo much as ſuffering one Moment's Reſpite, either for Defence in him, or Conſideration in herſelf, ſhe twiſting both her Hands, with all her Might in his Hair, iſſued forth ſuch bitter Terms, Groans, and Curſes, as is dreadful and horrible to conceive. The poor aſtoniſhed Huſband, with inexpreſſible Anguiſh and Amazement, begged, ſwore, entreated (but all to no Purpoſe) to be informed of the Cauſe and Foundation of this Proceeding; which rendered her ſo infinitely beyond her Reaſon, but all to no Purpoſe. She continued in this Agony of Spirits, near two Hours; even in Deſpight of the Interpoſition and Perſuaſion of her own Servants; who, tho' ignorant of the Cauſe, were no leſs aſtoniſhed, and aſſiſting than their Maſter. At length, they having diſengaged her entangled Fingers from his Hair, ſhe immediately, through the Expence and violent Agitation of her Spirits, ſunk into a Swoon. And ſhe was no ſooner recovered therefrom, but her cruel diſtempered Thoughts retnrning, ſhe became poſſeſs'd of the ſame furious Anger. In this wretched, outrageous Condition, ſhe continued all that Night; nor was it in the Power of Argument or Intreaty to draw from her any moderate Explication of her Grief.

I am altogether apprized, that my judicious Readers will conceive it ſomething ſtrange, that this Gentlewoman ſhould ſo ſuddenly and inconſiderately diveſt herſelf of the Sovereignty of her Reaſon, and her natural Propenſity to good Senſe and Harmony; and indeed I am no leſs alarmed with it, than they can be. But certain it is, that we every Day are witneſs of ſome extroardinary Proceeding or other, which, at firſt Sight, ſeems as difficult to be accounted for. This, we muſt obſerve, that, in innocent Minds, remote from public and common Occurences; and from the Obſervation of the frequent-practiſed Abuſes of the World, when Injuries unexpectedly and ſuddenly break forth, they always make the deeper Impreſſion; and, conſequently, the Effects are proportionably dread-

ful:

ful: For, as they are totally unacquainted with the Nature and Practice of thoſe dreadful Slips (more frequent in populous Places) ſo are they, alſo, at a greater Loſs to know how to act under them. And hence it is, that their Proceedings are, at ſuch times, the more extravagant.

From this extraordinary and undeſerved Treatment of his Wife, poor Mr. *Luckleſs* was now grown very near as diſtracted as herſelf; ſtamping, crying, and raving about the Houſe, in a manner, rather eaſier to be conceived than expreſſed. But what was ſtill more melancholy, whenever he approached her, if in order to ſooth an Information from her, if poſſible, of the Cauſe and Spring of this ſo ſhocking Diſaſter, ſhe could not bear his Sight, but foamed at the Mouth, and ſtaring with a frighted wildneſs in her Eyes, would catch at him, as though ſhe would willingly have pulled him, to Pieces. After ſeveral Hours ſucceſſive Endeavours to pacify her, and reduce her to Reaſon, the unhappy diſtracted Man began more and more to give way to his Agony and Deſpair. And at length, being totally debillitated of all rational Temperament, and overcome with Grief and Paſſion, he went and took from he Eſcrutore, ſuch Things as he himſelf, at that time, thought proper; and repeating the moſt raſh and horrid Vows, that he would never return to that Place again; he (though in the Dead of Night, and filled with the moſt diſtracted and complicated Paſſions) flew out of the Houſe, and too fatally, indeed! and moſt ſhockingly dreadful to think on, fulfilled his ſad Reſolve! For it being very dark when he left the Houſe, none of his Servants could ſee whither to follow him: And being ſo terribly driven from his Reaſon, he wandered away in irregular Wildneſs; inſenſible of Place, Time, or Intention. In this lonely and lamentable Condition, he continued ſeveral Days and Nights, in ſuch a State of Miſery not to be conceived; where we ſhall leave him for the preſent, and return to his no leſs unhappy Wife; who, tho' ſhe could not bear the Sight of him, without the utmoſt Agonies of Reſentment and Revenge, yet ſhe no ſooner

underſtood that he was gone, with ſuch imprecated Vows of a determined eternal Abſence, but ſhe broke out in ſuch unmeaſurable Lamentations, as ſurpaſſes all Deſcription. If it were poſſible for me here to paint, with any tolerable Likeneſs, her various Guſts of inexorable Woe, I ſhould thereby, without much Queſtion, be in ſome Peril, of inſenſibly drawing my tender Readers into a moſt pitiful and ſympathiſing Mood. But ſince it can neither divert nor amend the diſmal Cataſtrophy of our tragic Tale, I ſhall deſiſt from attempting what I am too confident is not in my own power to perform. Neither the roaring Seas, nor dreadful Thunder, nor howling Winds, nor all the complicated Furies of the wildeſt Imagination can equal her next Day's Rage; which reign'd with ſuch predominant Madneſs, that nothing but Death's cold conquering Arm could calm her Fury; which he did accompliſh, after the moſt manifeſt Tokens from her, of a tender, Love-Sick, but diſtracted broken Heart! frequently calling out (with all the vehement Signs of wiſhing, longing, and raving for his Sight) where art thou? O my deareſt! cruel Partner of my Soul! and art thou gone? My Life! my Love! my Huſband! Shall I never behold thee more; O ye Gods! I ſhall die Diſtracted!——Having thus continued, with different Invocations and Complaints, till the next Night, the tender Cordage of her Heart, no longer able to ſuſtain the Violence of her ſtormy Anguiſh, inapt their Tiguments, and daſhed her down, like a dreadful ſhipwrecked Veſſel. It was near a week after this fatal Period, e'er (with the utmoſt Diligence) the poor, lamented, and unfortunate diſtracted Huſband could be found; who no ſooner heard of this ſad Concluſion of his Wife, but he made the very Heavens reſound with his afflicted cries.——I cannot but imagine that my Readers muſt be ſufficiently affected with this ſad Relation; but how much more will they be ſo, when I muſt inform them, that ſuddenly after receiving the Intelligence of his poor Wife's Death he drew from his Pocket a ſharp Claſp Knife; and before any body was aware of his Intention, he ſtruck it, with his utmoſt

moſt Force, to his very Heart. ——— Such was the fatal Conſequence of a few inadvertent Words.

GUINEAS plenty in ENGLAND.

Travellers have Leave to Lie. An old Proverb.

THere is a Sort of People in the World who are ſo addicted to enlarge on whatſoever Subject they are upon, that it is dangerous to ſay any thing after them. And a Lyar is not only an inconvenient Companion, but alſo a very hateful one. For what Pleaſure or Satisfaction can a Man have (who would either profit in his Time ſpent, or by the Company with which he keeps) to ſit and hear himſelf and Companions abuſed and impoſed upon by the monſtrous Hyperboles of an ignorant, impudent Fellow; who tells his Lyes ſo often, that at laſt he believes them to be true himſelf. And ſuch are all Men, who attempt to paſs ſuch obvious Fallacies upon their Friends and Acquaintance, for true Facts.

Patrick Mac Gun-o, a poor Fellow from the North of *Ireland*, came into *England* to ſeek a Service; and after ſome few Years, being out of Place, he reſolved to reviſit his own Country, that they might there ſee, to what a fine Gentleman, he, by his Travels, had improved himſelf. So it happened one Day, that meeting with an old Acquaintance, he took him into a public Houſe, to treat him with ſomething. And after a great many Queſtions and Anſwers had paſſed between them concerning the Wonders in *England*, &c. which our Traveller gave a ſtrange Account of, to ſurprize and entertain his untravelled Friend, going to pay for what they had *had*, he demanded Change for a Guinea; which very much ſurpriſed his Companion; for Guineas in the North of *Ireland* are not very plenty with every body. So that the poor Fellow cried out to *Patrick*,

with ſome amazement, ——— Arah, vat iſh that you have got, my Dear? a Guinea! iſh it a real and good golden Guinea; ——— Yes, anſwered *Patrick*, it is a good Guinea. ——— By Jeſuſh! but let me look at it? cried the other again. —— So being ſhewn it, and convinced that it was a real Guinea, quoth he, with ſome Rapture,—Efait it iſh a Guinea, ſure enough! —— Where de Devil had it you, *Patrick?* —— O fait, replied he, I had it in *England*, and a great many more, too! —— In *England!* cried his Friend; and iſh dere any more of them dere? Be my Shoul, replied *Patrick*, but they are ſo plenty there, that a Man cannot receive forty or fifty Shillings, but he is obliged to take ten or a dozen of them!

The Humourous and Witty Country Justice.

Unequally th' impartial Hand of Heav'n,
Has all but this one earthly Bleſſing given.
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent,
That the moſt av'ritious are content,
For none e'er thought, the due Diviſion's ſuch;
His own too little, or his Friend's too much. Roch.

IT is only for want of properly examining into ourſelves, that we are guilty of ſo many Errors in our Conduct, as the beſt of us ſo frequently are; and which neglect chiefly ariſes from our Vanity, and the Partiality we retain of our own Sufficiency. If we ſee another Perſon fail in any Attempt, Scheme, or Propoſal, we are ready enough to attribute the ill Succeſs to the Manager's Incapacity or want of Conduct; concluding, that, had we ourſelves but governed in the Buſineſs, in their Stead, it would certainly have ſucceeded; forgetting, at the ſame time (while we accuſe

accuſe others) how many of our own Schemes miſcarry; or, if we ſhould happen ſometimes by Chance to think on them, we ſeldom attribute their Miſcarriage to our own Inabilities, but that it was owing to the Fate of Ill Luck: that it could not be avoided, and Providence would have it ſo; and ſuch like: So that, while our own Misfortunes are forced upon us by the irreſiſtible Hand of Fate, our Friends and Neighbours come all, only through their Folly and Indolence; which Reflection corroborates (in my Opinion) with the above Motto; and which produces this concluſion: That if we were to look before we leap, as the Proverb teaches us (that is, think properly before we act) we ſhould neither prove ſo unſucceſsful nor contemptible, as my Readers will find my good Friend, the Juſtice, appears in the following Story.

Mr. *Clodpole*, a learned Country Juſtice of the Peace, happened one Day to dine amongſt a great deal of other Company, at a Gentleman's; in that Neighbourhood; when the Hoſt, fearing his Gueſts had not made a very ſufficient Dinner, very politely before the Cloth was taken away, demanded (tho' indeed a little unfaſhionably) whether any of them would eat any cold Neat's Tongue;—— adding that he had a fine one below, which had never been touch'd. —The Company all, at this aukward and unexpected Compliment, anſwering in the Negative, he replied ——perhaps you only ſay (No) becauſe it is not here ——— And turning to one of the Servants, who was waiting at Table, he ſays to him, ———fetch up the Tongue; and bring up a ſlice of Butter with it. — The Servant obeys; but coming into the Room with it, the Door happened to ſtick a little, ſo that the Servant puſhing harder than ordinary againſt it, the Tongue, by Accident, ſliped out of the Diſh into the Parlour before him. This might eaſily happen, without any Blame to the Servant; for every body knows that a Neat's Tongue lies in ſuch a tottering Poſition in a Diſh, that unleſs it be ſupported with ſomething on each Side, the leaſt

Jerk in the World may be liable to throw it down. But the Maſter ſeeing the Accident, ſays (a little angrily) to the Servant,——What! you Blockhead! cannot you ſee, but you muſt tumble the Things about the Floor?——The Servant, here taking up the Tongue, replied, Sir, I beg your Pardon; 'twas but a *lapſis Linguæ*, and therefore, no Error of the Mind.——This Anſwer from the Servant, was not only very much applauded, but it cauſed a very hearty Laugh. And the Country Juſtice, who was one of the Gueſts, for Company Sake, and out of good Breeding, (tho' he underſtood not the Meaning of it) laughed as heartily as the beſt of them: And finding the Joak ſo thoroughly approved, immediately an ingenious Thought came into his Head, that ſince this Accident had given ſo much Diverſion and Entertainment, here he would have the ſame Farce played over again (only with ſome little Variation to improve it) at his own Houſe, the next Week. Accordingly, he endeavoured (all he could) to remember the two Latin Words in the Servant's Anſwer; for, upon that, he knew depended the Joak; and therefore, he repeated them a thouſand times (as near as he could) to himſelf.

When he comes home, he relates, to his beloved Lady, all that had happened; and likewiſe his own pious Intentions of entertaining his Brother Juſtices, and other good Friends (that by Appointment were to honour him with their Company the next Week) with the very ſame Diverſion. And accordingly, when the Time came, he took his ingenious Servant (almoſt ſuch another polite Wit as himſelf) that was to act the chief Scene, and inſtructed him, the beſt he could, in every particular, how he ſhould perform his Part. But, I believe it may be proper, here, to inform my Reader, that the good Juſtice, not knowing that *Lapſis Linguæ* was Latin for *Slip o'the Tongue*, thought that the Joak would be every bit as well, if it was performed with a Shoulder of Mutton; and therefore, he provided one to be ready dreſt, and kept cold, for that Purpoſe. To be brief as I can,

when

when the Company had all dined (according to his Plan) he aſked them ——if any of them choſe to eat a Bit of a cold Shoulder of Mutton?—— Not a a little ſurprized at ſuch a Queſtion, having had a very genteel Dinner, they all anſwered (No)— Come, come, ſays the Juſtice, perhaps they only ſay No, becauſe it is not here; fetch it up.—— Here the Juſtice, was big with the Expectation of his ſudden Entertainment; and bye and-bye, ſlap comes into the Parlour the Shoulder of Mutton, down upon the Floor; and the Fellow, in an aukward Manner, almoſt ſtumbling over it.——What (cries the Juſtice) you Blockhead! Cannot you ſee, but you muſt tumble the Meat upon the Floor?—I never ſaw ſuch a blundering Puppy in my Life!

The Fellow (according to his wiſe Maſter's learned Direction) picks up the Mutton, and replies to him, ——Sir, I beg your Worſhip's Pardon, but it was only *Slapſum Slingum*, and therefore, no Terror of the Mind.——Upon which, the fat Juſtice burſt into a moſt ſudden and loud Ha! ha! ha!——The Company were all in amaze, to ſee the Juſtice hold his fat Sides, and laugh ſo heartily; nor could they tell what to make of the blundering Fellow's Nonſenſe; 'tlll the Juſtice having laughed his fill, and ſeeing all the reſt of the Company ſtaring gravely at one another, he demanded of them (in a Tone and Manner that became his Dignity, Ingenuity, and Office) Zounds! Why don't you all laugh?—Laugh (ſaid they) at what?——Why Zounds! ſays the Juſtice, did not you mind the Fellow's Sharp and comical Anſwer, ———— Sharp and comical was it? (replies one of the Company) I'm ſure it was very ſilly, and ridiculous: Pray, Sir, do you know any Meaning in it?——Sblood! replies the Juſtice, you may call it ſilly if you pleaſe, but I'm ſure it was thought as ſmart a thing, laſt Week, at ſuch a Gentleman's Houſe, as ever was in the World; and to tell you the Truth, I had that Shoulder of Mutton roaſted on purpoſe for the Joak's ſake, to entertain you, and make you Laugh: And what the Devil ſhould be

the

the matter, that it is not as good a Joak at my Houſe, as it was at another's I can't imagine.

Here, in order to clear the Obſcurity of his Wit, he up and told 'em the whole Hiſtory of the Neat's Tongue, and how much it pleaſed and entertain'd the Company then. And becauſe it was ſo good a Joak at that time, he had determin'd to have the ſame at his Houſe that Day, purpoſely to divert 'em. When the Juſtice had thus diſcover'd the depth of his Underſtanding and Learning; and that they had all found where the Blunder lay: The Joak indeed, had in ſome meaſure had the deſir'd Effect, for they all turn'd the Laugh very heartily, upon the Juſtice, for his ridiculous Diverſion, Folly, and Ignorance,

---

None ſo DEAF as Thoſe who will not HEAR.

A true humourous TALE: And a Proverb exemplified in the following merry Story of Mr. *James Spiller*, Comedian, of facetious Memory.

True Humour is a thing ſo hard,
It merits the wiſeſt Man's Regard;
And is ſo near ally'd to Wit
That many 've miſtook it for it:
For tho' Wit's e'er ſo entertaining,
'Tis beſt with Humour for its Lining.

Anonym.

AS the Art of true Humour is very difficult to attain, and very rarely met with, I ſhall preſent my Readers with a Quotation on that Subject from the *Spectator*, Vol. N°. 35. —— "Among all kinds of Writing, there are none in which Authors are more apt to miſcarry than in Works of Humour.

mour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monſters; an Head that is fill'd with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of filling the World with Diverſions of this Nature; and yet, if we look into the Productions of ſeveral Writers, who ſet up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Diſtortions of Thought do we meet with? If they ſpeak Nonſenſe, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of inconſiſtent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themſelves without Laughing. Theſe poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themſelves the Reputation of Wits and Humouriſts by ſuch monſtrous Conceptions as almoſt qualifies 'em for Bedlam; not conſidering that Humour ſhould always be under the check of Reaſon, and that it requires the direction of the niceſt Judgment, by ſo much the more as it indulges itſelf in the moſt boundleſs Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature to be obſerv'd in this ſort of Compoſitions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought within muſt diſcover the Writer to be a Man of Senſe, at the ſame time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unſkilful Author, I cannot be ſo barbarous as to divert myſelf with it; but am rather apt to pity the Man than laugh at any thing he writes.——It is indeed, much eaſier to deſcribe what is not Humour, then what is, and very difficult to define it any otherwiſe than as *Cowley* has done Wit——by Negatives."—— For a further definition of Humour, and a beautiful Compariſon between true Humour and falſe Humour, I would recommend my Readers to the remaining Part of the above Speculation, and now ſhall proceed to my Story.

In the Summer-ſeaſon, Mr. *Spiller* was one Day riding to *Epſom*, and in the Evening met with an intimate Acquaintance of his, who was returning ſome three or four Miles from that Town, where (but I know not upon what occaſion, except the Races) it

was

was ſo prodigiouſly full of Company that he could not get Accommodation for himſelf or his Horſe upon any Account. After ſome little Ceremony had paſſed between them, the Gentleman aſk'd Mr. *Spiller* where he was bound for, who anſwered him, to *Epſom*.——What, ſays his Friend, do you intend to ſtay there all Night?——Yes, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Spiller*, you may be ſure of that.——Why then, return'd the Gentlemen, if you do you muſt take Beds with you, both for yourſelf and Horſe too, except you are there provided for already, or elſe you will find that you muſt do as I have done; that is to ſay, come back again: I have try'd every Place in the Town, and there is not one Bed to be got for Love or Money, as the ſaying is.

I'll lay a Wager, replied Mr. *Spiller*, that I get a Lodging both for myſelf and my Horſe too, let the Town be never ſo full; and that too, in one of the beſt Inns in the Town.——Perhaps, ſaid the Gentleman, you may have one already there beſpoke.——No, indeed, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Spiller*, I have not, I can aſſure you, nor am I acquainted with any one Perſon that lives in the Town, to the beſt of my Knowledge.——Why then, ſaid the Gentleman, I'll lay you a Gallon of Claret that you don't lie in the Town to Night, I mean in a Bed; or, get your Horſe put into any Stable there,—— Done, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Spiller*, I'll lay you a Gallon of Claret that I do; and that too, in one of the beſt Inns in Town: And if you will favour me with your Company, and return back with me, you ſhall ſee yourſelf, that I will.——No, no, replied the Gentleman, I'll take your Word for it; and the firſt time we meet in *London*, if we have Time, we'll have our Wager, and a Bird to make us merry over the Hiſtory of this Night's Adventure;——with all my Heart, replied Mr. *Spiller*, at which Sign do you reckon is the beſt? For that ſhall be the place I mean to Lodge at.——After the Gentleman had ſatisfy'd him in that Point, they confirm'd their Wager and ſo they parted.

When

When Mr. *Spiller* came to the Inn where he was directed by his Friend, he rides directly into the Yard and calling aloud for the Hoſtler, he found it quite taken up with other Gueſts, and every Body in ſuch a Hurry and Confuſion, that no Creature offer'd to attend him, or ſee for any Body that would.

With that he alights from his Roſinante, and leads him directly into a Stable, which was before ſo full of Horſes, that there was not Room for him poſſibly to lie down, but however, there he meets the Hoſtler, with whom he begins this Humour, in the manner following —— Here, Friend, take Care of this Horſe, and do you hear, let him be well rubb'd down, ——Sir, anſwer'd the Hoſtler, you ſee that the Stable is already quite full; here is no Room for him; nor have I any other Place where there is more; ——well, well, ſaid *Spiller*, you may do ſo then, if you pleaſe, rub him down well, and give him ſome Hay now, and about half an Hour hence, give him a quarter of Corn and ſome Beans. Sir ſaid the Hoſtler, again I tell you, here's no Room for him; nor will I take any Charge of him.——Ay, do, do, reply'd Mr. *Spiller*, if thou think'ſt ſo, put ſome Bran amongſt his Corn, with all my Heart.——Sir, ſaid the Hoſtler, (roaring as loud as ever he could, imagining that he was deaf) I tell you that I'll not take any Charge of your Horſe; and if you don't take him away with you, I'll turn him out of the Stable, and let him go to the Devil if he will, —— Why thou art an honeſt, ſenſible, Good-natured, young Fellow, reply'd Mr. *Spiller*, and I'll leave it entirely to thee: But be ſure do not let my Horſe be changed.——Curſe your deaf head! quoth the Hoſtler; you may be d——n'd, and your Horſe too; I wiſh you were both in Hell together.——Here, Mr. *Spiller* took not the leaſt Notice of what the Hoſtler had ſaid to him, but left the Horſe with him in the Stable, and goes himſelf directly into the Houſe to get ſomething to drink.

And

And the Hoſtler reflecting, that if the Horſe ſhould be loſt, he might ſwear that he had left him in his Charge, and might, by that Means, come upon him for Damages; he therefore tied him up to the Manger, gave him ſome Hay, and then run into the Houſe, to acquaint his Miſtreſs (for ſhe was a Widow) what a ſtrange and deaf odd Sort of a Fellow ſhe had got to deal with. By this time Mr. *Spiller* was come into the Kitchen, and had juſt call'd for a Pint of Red Wine; but the good Hoſtleſs being in a Hurry, anſwered him, that ſhe was very ſorry that ſhe had no Place to aſk him to ſit down in. When he, not willing to underſtand her, replied,——'tis all one to me, Madam, if your Red Wine is not good, let me have a Pint of White.——juſt as he had made this contrary Anſwer, in comes the Hoſtler; and as his Miſtreſs was endeavouring to make Mr. *Spiller* underſtand what ſhe had ſaid to him, the Hoſtler cried out to her,——Ay, d——n his deaf Head, Madam, you may ſpend as much of your Breath, as you pleaſe, to talk to him, but he will never hear a Word you ſay: I have been plagu'd with him this Hour in the Stable, about his d——n'd Horſe; and tho' I roared out in his deaf Ears, as loud as ever I could, till I had almoſt ſplit my Throat, I could not make him underſtand me one Word; and there is his Horſe ſtill in the Stable; I dare not turn him out, for fear he ſhould be loſt, and the deaf Son of a B—ch ſhould ſwear that I took Charge of him.——Lord! cried the Hoſteſs, I do not know how we ſhall get ſhut of him.——Troth, Madam, anſwered the Hoſtler, I fancy it will be beſt to let him alone; and give him nothing that he calls for to eat or drink; and perhaps that may ſoon tire him of being here.

The Hoſtler's Advice was thought very good, and therefore reſolved on, by his Miſtreſs, to be put in Execution. So there ſtood poor *Spiller*, for ſome time, ſtaring about him, and could neither get a Seat to ſit down, nor any thing to drink. But bye-and bye, obſerving the Servants to carry out of the Kiitch-

en,

en, a Cover of Smoaking-hot Diſhes, he immediately follows them into a Room, where there was about twenty Gentlemen going to Supper. So, as ſoon as he came into the Room, he pulled off his Hat; and after hanging it upon a Peg, he ſtood there, mute as a Fiſh. At length, one of the Gentlemen obſerving him, and alſo, that he was a Stranger, demanded——Who does the Gentleman want?

Here they all ſtared at him for ſome time; but nobody claiming any Knowledge of him, one of them ſaid to him————Sir, we are here a ſelect Company; do you want any-body, pray?———No Ceremony with me, replied Mr. *Spiller*; I beg, Gentlemen, that you will not diſturb yourſelves upon my Account; I can ſit any where.—— D——n the Fellow! ſays another of them, what does he mean? Turn him out of the Room! ——The Servants being all buſy, at his firſt coming into the Room, placing the Diſhes on the Table. and putting Things to Rights, had not obſerved his coming in before; but now hearing of the Gentlemen's Diſpute, they ſoon found the Cauſe of it; and thereupon, ſaid one of them, —— Lord, Gentlemen! you will get no Satisfaction by ſwearing or quarrelling with him; for he is ſo deaf, that you may fire a Cannon at his Ear, and he will not hear you. He has been in the Kitchen this Hour, but no-body can make him underſtand a Word that any-body ſays to him. They have been ready to knock his Brains out ſeveral times; but he never underſtood them in the leaſt. He is a poor, ſimple, honeſt Fellow, I dare ſay; but what brought him here, the Lord knows; or how you will get him down again, the Lord knows.———Well, well, cried one of them, what does it ſignify? 'Tis better an to let him ſtay here, now he is here; he looks like inoffenſive Gentleman; and as he is ſo deaf, we may be ſure that he will not be offended at any thing that is ſaid in Company; nor ſhould we get any great Honour in throwing him down Stairs.

This Speech met with ſo general an Approbation, that they all ſat down to Supper, and let their deaf Viſitant quietly partake with them; which we may ſay was another Point gained. So after they had ſupped, and had ſat drinking Wine and Punch, and other Liquors, for about the Space of an Hour, *Spiller*, got up, and, with great Ceremony, thanked them all round for their very good Company; and then, throws down his Shilling upon the Table, for his Shot. At which one of them roared out, as loud as he could bellow,———Zounds! Sir! What do you mean by a Shilling? A Shilling will not do, nor two neither! Six Shillings a-head will hardly pay the Reckoning.

Why, now, Gentlemen, replied Mr *Spiller*, it does not ſignify making a Multitude of Words, for upon my Soul I will be my Shilling, if you were to talk till To-morrow; therefore, no Apologies, Gentlemen; I ſcorn to ſpunge upon any-body.——— Here, after ſome Stir, they found it was but in vain to talk with him, ſo they were forced to take the Shilling, and be contented.

Some little time after, when Mr. *Spiller* was returned to the Kitchen, as his Eyes were rolling about, he eſpied one of the Maids, with a Pan of Coals in her Hand (at which he inwardly rejoiced) ſo watching his Opportunity, he ſlinks eaſily after her, quite unperceived by the Girl; till when ſhe was warming of the Bed, he ſays to her.——What, is this the Room that I am to lie in?——At this unexpected Demand the poor Girl, in the utmoſt Surprize to ſee him there, replied to him, as loud as ſhe could roar.——No, Sir; this Bed is for two Gentlemen, who are juſt coming into the Room; and has been hired for them this Month.

Very well, my Dear, ſaid Mr. *Spiller*, I like it very well; and I hope the Sheets are well air'd; but where is my Night-Cap?——At Hell! quoth the Girl, for ought I know, and I wiſh you were there too; for I am ſure you are a worſe Plague than the Devil:

Devil: But, d——n your deaf Head! I will have your Neck broke down Stairs preſently.

With that, away ſhe flies, with the Warming-pan in her Hand, as faſt as ſhe could, to inform her Miſtreſs and the two Gentlemen, what befel her.—— Madam, ſaid ſhe, yonder is that curſed dunny Man that has plagued the whole Houſe ſo, has followed me ſlily up Stairs, into ſuch a Room, where I was going to warm the Bed for two Gentlemen, and I cannot, for my Life, get him down again.

So, away flies her Miſtreſs up Stairs full drive, and the two Gentlemen, who had beſpoke the Room, along with her. But when they came to the Door, to their great Diſappointment, they found it both locked and bolted; and he had alſo drawn a great Cheſt of Drawers againſt it, and placed a great Wainſcot Table againſt the Drawers, and ſeveral Chairs upon them: So that the Gentlemen, at this Baulk, were in a terrible Paſſion; and ſtrove to burſt the Door open: but it being a thick Oak Door, and ſo ſtrongly ſtayed within, it was too much for them to accomdliſh. So, after they had bounced againſt it half a dozen times, to no Purpoſe, they ſtood to liſten whether they could learn what he was about; and *Spiller*, at the ſame time, rightly gueſſing what their ſudden Silence was for, ſays he to himſelf (but loud enough for them to hear him) the public Inns are ſometimes very dangerous Places, and a Man cannot be too ſecure in them. But tho' I have the Misfortune to have loſt my Hearing, I think they cannot eaſily make their Way through that ſtrong Door, and that heavy Cheſt of Drawers, and all the other Things which I have put againſt them: And if they ſhould, they can want nothing but to rob and murder me, I am ſure.

When they all heard this, the Hoſteſs gravely ſaid to the two Gentlemen——There, Gentlemen! Do you hear this? I am glad you did not force open the Door, with all my Heart! For, if you had, we might have been all ruined. What could be done with ſuch a Man? One of the Gentlemen, being a

Practitioner of the Law, anſwered the Hoſteſs, thus, —By G—d, Madam, you are very much in the right in it; for although he has no Right to the Room he is in, yet, as this is a public Inn, and he being in Poſſeſſion of it, to break open a Door upon him, would be ſuch an Aſſault, as I ſhould not care to be concerned in, for an Hundred Pounds. This Speech of the Lawyer's, ſoon determined the Matter; for down they all went again very quietly, and left Mr. *Spiller* ſecure enough in his Lodgings.

In the Morning, when Mr. *Spiller* came down, he very complaiſantly bid them all good Morrow; and they, in return, all curſed him heartily for his good Humour, and called him a thouſand vile Names; but he underſtanding never a Word that they ſaid, it was all given to the Wind. Here, he deſir'd Half a Pint of White wine made hot, with an Egg beat up in it, for his Breakfaſt; and then giving the Hoſtler a Shilling for looking after his Horſe, and a Shilling to the Maid for warming his Bed, he mounted his Nagg. And being now ſettled in his Saddle, he deſired the good Hoſteſs to give him a Glaſs of Brandy; whch ſhe did; and he drank to her very good Health, rendering her his hearty Thanks for her great Civility. But while ſhe ſtood talking with him, for that little Space, having an Occaſion to break Wind, and not dreaming that he could be at all informed of the Report, and recover his Hearing ſo eaſily, ſhe never ſtood upon Ceremony, but let fly, at once, with the Voice of a demy Canon. At this vociferatious Salute, *Spiller* returned—well ſaid, Madam. By Heaven that was a Rouzer! I hope, Madam, you are better; I never heard a more banging F—t in my Life!

Gad's curſe you! cried the Hoſteſs, is this you that was deaf all Night, and can hear a F—t in the Morning? You Scoundrel Dog! you richly deſerve your Brains knock'd out.——Here, her Paſſion was ſo great, that ſhe could not contain herſelf; ſo while ſhe was looking about for ſomething to throw at his Head, he threw her down the Six-pence for his Brandy

dy, turn'd about his Horſe, and, after repeating theſe Words: ——— *None*, Madam, *ſo Deaf, as thoſe who will not Hear*, — he rid out of the Yard as faſt as he well could; leaving the whole Houſe in the greateſt Alarm imaginable. And

Thus he fairly won his Wager, and maintained his *Humour* undiſcovered to the very laſt.

The Fortunate ACCIDENT. A Novel.

Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate.
Dryd. Abſ. and Achit.

On what ſtrange Ground we build our Hopes and Fears!
Man's Life is all a Miſt, and in the Dark
Our Fortunes meet us. Dryd. Temp.

WE ſeldom find any of our old Proverbs and Sayings, that are not worth our Notice; our Forefathers (whom we call Superſtitious) were, notwithſtanding, very Circumſpectious: And when by their Grave, and ſolid Obſervations, they found certain Omens generally forerun the ſame Events, to make them the more regarded, they reduced them into Proverb's, ſeveral of which we have yet preſerved on the preſent Subject, both in Proſe and Rhime; and which carry the very ſame Meaning as the above Motto: and which are not together unworthy of a Place in the wiſeſt Memory.——

Sir *Poſitive Lovewealth*, a Gentleman of a very great Eſtate in the North Part of *England*, had a very extravagant Youth to his Son, whom, for Propriety ſake, we ſhall here call *Gaylove*. But the old Gentleman being himſelf very near in his Oeconemy, his Son's Extravagance, of courſe, reliſh'd with him the worſe: And though he had no other Child in the World, he could not bear the Thoughts of being dun'd for his Debts, or ſolicited by him for any further Allowance. To avard which two Evils, he bought him a Commiſion in the Army, with a view to remove him and his ill Conduct beyond any likelihood of his hearing any more of it: But this con-

tributed little to the Cure of the young Spark, for this Income was but a poor Pittance compared with the Liberality of his Spirit; which was, to ſpeak Truth, very free indeed; and more than commonly Generous: So that, in about two or three Years time, he was run ſo far in Debt again, that he was every Day in Danger of a Jail. In this reduc'd Condition, he ventured to write to his Father, beſeeching him in the ſtrongeſt and humbleſt Terms, that he would pleaſe to aſſiſt him this once, and allow him ſomething more for the future to live upon than his bare Commiſſion; but it was all to no purpoſe: For the old Gentleman aſſured him, that if he could not make his Subſiſtance do, he might ſtarve for him; and that if he heard any more Complaints againſt him, he would certainly diſinherit him. This, as we may very well imgaine, greatly ſhock'd the poor young Gentleman, who being already ſo far in Debt, that he knew not what to do, or how to appeaſe his Creditors: At length, he reſolved to ſell his Commiſſion, pay his Debts, and let the Conſequence be what it would, repare home to his Father immediately; and alſo, without ſo much as acquainting his Father with what he had done, or with what he intended to do. He determin'd without any Delay, if he ſhould not be reconcil'd to him. to ſhip himſelf off and try his Fortune Abroad. After ſome Time, having accordingly diſpoſed of his Commiſſion, and clear'd all his Debts; he ſet out very well mounted and arm'd, (ſtill in his Regimentals) to try what he could perſonally do with his Father; in order, if poſſible, to procure himſelf a future Subſiſtance. But when he came within about thirty Miles of his Seat, and ſeeing a great Houſe near the publick Road, it being almoſt dark, and far from any Village where he might procure Entertainment, he relolv'd to beg a Lodging there that Night, if poſſible. So riding up to the Gate, he call'd to a Servant Maid that happen'd to be going into the Houſe, and deſired to ſpeak with her: When the Maid came to him, he enquired of her who liv'd in that Houſe, ſhe reply'd one Mrs. *Freelove*. ——is ſhe at home?——

demands

demands our Captain,—yes, Sir, return'd the Maid. —I ſhall be obliged to you, ſaid he, if you will be kind enough to carry my Compliments to her, and tell her, that as I am benighted and in a ſtrange Place, I ſhould eſteem it as a very great Favour, if ſhe will be ſo hoſpitable towards a poor Soldier and his Horſe, as to allow them a little Shelter for this one Night any where about the Houſe that ſhe ſhall think proper.——Yes, Sir, anſwered the Servant, I'll let my miſtreſs know your Meſſage immediately. ——So, away ſhe went and told her Lady that there was an Officer, a very handſome young Man (and ſo indeed he was) at the gate, on Horſeback, who deſired ſhe would be pleaſed to let him lie any where about the Houſe for that Night, becauſe he was a ſtranger to the Roads, a great Way from any Town or Village, and the Night coming on apace. After the Lady had aſk'd the Maid ſome few Queſtions, and had taken the beſt View of him that ſhe could through the Window, and liking his Appearance, ſhe ſent the Maid to deſire he would walk in; ſo he jumpt from his Horſe, and following the Servant into the Parlour where her Miſtreſs was, he addreſs'd her as follows:

Madam, I fear I may very juſtly apprehend you'll think me too bold, that being a ſtranger, I ſhould take the Liberty to ſolicit this Favour, but being thirty Miles from my Journey's end, and a ſtranger to thoſe Roads, and Night coming on, theſe Motives embolden'd me thus to treſpaſs on your Goodneſs: And if you'll pleaſe to excuſe my Freedom, and pardon my unpoliſh'd Bluntneſs, I ſhall ever be ready to acknowledge your Goodneſs, and my own Preſumption: I deſire not Madam, to diſturb your Family, or incommode your Houſe, any of your domeſtick Apartments will be ſufficient, and is the higheſt Ambition of your humble Gueſt: But I have a poor Horſe, Madam, that with your Leave, craves a Part in my Petition.

Here, *Clarinda* (for ſo we ſhall call her) with great Complaiſance told him, that he was very welcome, and his Horſe too: And demanded if he choſe

to

to have his Boots pull'd off, to which he anſwer'd, if you pleaſe, Madam; but I muſt juſt ſtep to my Horſe firſt, becauſe there is a Brace of Piſtols that are loaded, and I am afraid to leave them, leaſt any body ſhould do themſelves a Miſchief with them.——— This Speech gave the Lady very great Uneaſineſs, and made her immediately repent that ſhe had conſented to his ſtaying all Night. For I muſt here inform the Reader, that this Lady had a near Kinſman, of hers that liv'd about a little Mile off; and it being his Birth-day, all her Servants were gone to his Houſe to make merry, except her own Woman, and a Country Fellow that lay over one of the Stables; ſo that ſhe was left, as it were, in the Houſe by herſelf; and when her new Gueſt was gone to ſecure his Piſtols, ſhe could not forbear accuſing herelf of ill Conduct to her Maid. —— Suppoſe, ſaid ſhe, that this ſhould be ſome Highwayman, and in the Dead of Night, when we are all aſleep, he ſhould plunder the Houſe and murder us both in our Beds.———Yes, Madam, reply'd the Maid, but if he was a Highwayman or a Robber, do you think, Madam, he would go in ſo particular a Dreſs, as Scarlet, and ride with Piſtols before him? I have heard that all Highwaymen carry their Piſtols in their Pockets, or at leaſt out of Sight; beſides, Madam, if he he had any Deſign of robbing or murdering of us, he would not, in my Opinion, have let us known that he had any Piſtols with him at all.

This reaſonable Diſcourſe of the Maid's, pretty well reconcil'd the Lady again, and when the Captain return'd ſhe receiv'd him as courteouſly as before; and the Maid, as directed by her Lady, went and fetch'd him a Pair of ſlippers and a Jack to pull his Boots off with: After which, they drank Tea and Coffee, and chattering of many indifferent Things, among the reſt, our Captain, who was a Man of very good Underſtanding, entertain'd the Lady with many pleaſant Adventures: And they both took great Care not to aſk any impertinent Queſtions concerning each other's perſonal or particular Affairs; and though both of them long'd to be a little informed of each other's

other's Hiſtory, yet neither of them could gain any Satisfaction in that Point. The Lady, who was herſelf young and very agreeable, now thought her Gueſt a very handſome, perſonable Man; but what he was, or who he was, ſhe could not diſcover: And on the other Hand, the Gentleman thought *Clarinda* a very pretty and agreeable young Lady; but whether ſhe was married or ſingle, or ſole Miſtreſs of that Manſon, or not, he could not find out. However, they continued to entertain one another in the beſt and politeſt Manner they could, till Bed-time; but ſometimes their Complaiſance was carried ſo far on both Sides, that a total Silence would take place for ſeveral Minutes together. At length, our Traveller falling into a Mood of Reflection (and which at thoſe times was cuſtomary with him) he inſenſibly fell a humming over a kind of a Tune, which *Clarinda* taking Notice of, interrupted him thus: ——You ſeem, Sir, to have a good agreeable Voice; and, if I thought you would not think me rude, I ſhould take the Liberty to ſolicit you for a Song.—— This was Sollicitation enough for our Captain, who thought he had no right to deny ſo ſmall a Favour; and therefore, without any further Ceremony or Trouble on that Head, he replied——If it is in my Power, Madam, to preſent you with any one that will be agreeable to you (tho' I confeſs I am but a poor Artiſt that way) I ſhall be very happy, in having it the leaſt in my Power, either to oblige or entertain you.——The Lady anſwered, that ſhe was ſatisfied of his Ability, any Song that he pleaſed, would do both.——Upon which, he bowing, replied, Madam, you are too kind and good; and immediately began the following Air:

Tune. *Is there a Charm ye Powers above?*

I.

A Blythſome Swain of youthful Grace,
Whom *Cupid*'s Power defy'd;
And long had rov'd from Place to Place,
But ne'er his Force had try'd;

He

He oft with oſtentatious Boaſt,
  Unto himſelf would ſay,
All manly Spirit muſt be loſt,
  That bends to Female Sway.
  That bends to Female Sway.

II.

But Love that waits the unguarded Time,
  And can the braveſt bend;
Now firm reſolv'd to reach his Crime,
  And a dire Arrow ſend:
He drove the Swain a heedleſs Path,
  And there he arm'd a Fair;
Whoſe powerful Eyes gave Life or Death,
  She could both kill and Spare.
  She could both kill and Spare.

III.

Surpriz'd at this ſo ſudden change,
  A thouſand Ways he try'd
To free his Heart from Pains ſo ſtrange,
  And keep his manly Pride;
But all in vain; alas! her Charms
  O'erpowered all his Force;
He found, in Abſence from her Arms,
  That Life was but a Curſe.
  That Life was but a Curſe.

IV.

Reſolv'd at laſt to try his Fate,
  He ſu'd the lovely Fair,
In ſofteſt Words he could repeat,
  Which ſhe comply'd to hear.
At firſt ſhe harken'd to his Tale,
  And promis'd to be kind;
But ſoon he found her Heart was frail,
  And fickle as the Wind.
  And fickle as the Wind.

The Song being ended, *Clarinda*, obſerved to him, that ſhe thought the laſt two Lines were a little too ſatyrical upon the Fair Sex: But *Gaylove* anſwered, that he thought the Poet had only done the taſteleſs Hero Juſtice for his Ignorance and Preſumption; and

that

that the Nymph might be ſuppoſed to have too penetrating and diſtinguiſhing a Taſte, to beſtow her Affections upon ſo conceited and unworthy a Lover. After ſeveral of theſe inoffenſive and critical Arguments had paſs'd between them, they changed their Subject; and wandering their Obſervations and Opinions, occaſionally, of different Things, according as the Nature of their Themes happened to vary, after diſcourſing of many polite Subjects. At length, their Converſation chanced to turn upon the Amuſements, Faſhions, and Entertainments of the Town; which *Clarinda* enquired a little particularly into, becauſe, ſhe ſaid ſhe had been there ſeveral Years before, with her Mother; and by what ſhe could remember of it, ſhe thought it a moſt vicious and diſagreeable Place for a thinking Perſon to expect real Happineſs in. To which our Cavalier anſwered.——I have been, Madam, but a ſhort reſident in that polite and ſplendid Place; yet, I muſt own, that I ſaw ſo much of it, in the little Time I was there, that I ſhall not break my Heart if I never ſet Eyes on it again; for it is (as far as I could perceive or hear of it) a School for Vice and Impudence: And which is not only barely practiſed, but abſolutely ſtudied, as the moſt neceſſary Means to raiſe a Fortune, and cut a Figure in the World. If I ſhould attempt to recite what I have been witneſs of myſelf, you would rather incline to believe I was endeavouring to entertain you with Romance, than real Hiſtory; and perhaps, think my moſt accurate Account of it, as unworthy of the leaſt Retention in your Memory. I have (continued he) ſeen a Scoundrel, not worth a Shilling in the World, uſurping the Foreign Title of Marqueſs, loll in his fine Chariot, attended by a Leaſh of Lacky's in lac'd Liveries; a running Footman in the ſame; flant it about to Court, and all publick Places; embrac'd and entertain'd by the greateſt Nobility; and, at laſt, not being able to gain his End, perhaps ſome great Fortune, after appearing for ſome time (like a Comet) the Wonder of the admiring World, he extinguiſh'd his Luſtre with a Stink, in the Dead of Night (like his Footman's

Footman's Flambeau) and left his numerous Creditors, who were his only Support, to comfort themſelves with the Loſs of his Cuſtom and Perſon together. Pride, Hypocriſy, Inſolence, Fraud and Avarice, are the reigning Paſſions of both Sexes.——— There is one Obſervation, Madam, that I have often made; and that is this (you muſt pardon my Freedam, Madam) but the public Behaviour of the Fair Sex, is, in that Metropolis, ſo regulated, that the meaneſt Woman of the Town, ſeemed, to me, to be abſolutely upon an exact Footing with the greateſt Lady of Quality; and *vice verſa*,

Here, *Clarinda* (in Spight of her Good-nature) could not help ſaying, that ſhe thought the worthy and honourable part of her Sex was greatly injured by that groſs Compariſon; and deſired his particular Explanation of it; which our preſumptive Satiriſt attempted as follows: Madam, ſaid he, I have known a Lady, of the firſt Quality, have ſo little regard for Modeſty, or good Senſe, that for a trifling Neglect, ſhe has, even before Company (I ſuppoſe to ſhew her Wit and Spirit) call'd a Tradeſman or Servant to account, in the Language of a Billingſgate; ſwearing like a Bully, and threatning like a Foot-pad; defying either Decency, Obſervation, Reputation, or any other Motive, than her own Will, or the Defect of her Spirits, to ſtop the Impetuoſity of her Tongue and Temper. And when ſhe has been abroad a viſiting, her chief Converſation was generally that of Scandal Defamation and unwarrantable Enquiries into other People's domeſtic Affairs; which laſt is look'd upon, amongſt thoſe Adepts, to be the moſt palpable Signs of Female Wit and good Houſewifry. When they appear in public, it is with ſuch flaunting, looſe, and maſculine Behaviour, that a Stranger would ſwear he was got into a Kingdom of Hermaphrodites. They drink Brandy in their Tea; toaſt their Gallants after Meals, and talk Baudy with Facility. And theſe Qualifications and Practices, I think, Madam, put them upon the Footing with the baſeſt Woman of the Town, whoſe miſerable Profeſſion obliges them to do

the

the like; and therefore, may claim more Excuſe for their unguarded Behaviour. And as thoſe great Ladies of Quality are, by their Dignity and Careleſsneſs, above either Scandal or Law, ſo likewiſe, are the Ladies of Pleaſure, by their Indignity and ſimilar Behaviour, as much below Law and Scandal, as the others are above it. And it is a Maxim, Madam, according to the Laws of Philoſophy, that all Extremes are equally bad, in Proportion to their degrees; therefore, the middling People are not only frequently the happieſt, according to the Proverb, but are alſo of the beſt Reputation too.

At thoſe ſevere Obſervations of Mr. *Gaylove's*, *Clarinda* ſcarce knew how to anſwer him; but being a Lady of excellent Senſe, ſhe thought it did not become her to take up Arms in the Defence of thoſe honourable Ladies, or their Vices; all of which, ſhe ever deſired to be a Stranger to: But whether it was with a View to makeRepriſals upon him, or not, or otherwiſe to entertain him in her turn, I cannotdetermine; but ſo it was, that ſhe immediately rallied her Forces, and in return, began the Attack as follows:

Sir, although you have been ſo unmercifully bitter upon the Ladies, yet, I muſt tell you, that I fancy one need not be over buſy or ſarcaſtical to find as many Faults with the fine Beaux of this Age, as you have done with the fine Ladies; and though it is now three Years and upwards ſince I ſaw *London*, yet, I fancy, I can recal to my Memory, a Sufficiency of faſhionable Vices and ridiculous Follies in the Gentlemen, to match the whole that you have advanced againſt us.——In the firſt Place, I have obſerved the young Gentlemen who affected Taſte (continued ſhe) to dreſs in the moſt diſproportion'd and unbecoming Manner in the World. The Mall was every Day filled with a Kind of Effeminate Officers, or Martial Ganymedes; who ſtalk'd about with ſmall white waſh'd Faces, and great plum'd Hats on their Heads, which made them look like ſo many half-grown Girls put into Commiſſion; and their long Spider Legs ſtuck into a

great pair of high-topp'd Shoes at bottom, and rolled-up Stockings above; with Knees to their Breeches that came about half way down their Thighs, methought, pretty well imitated ſo many pair of dreſs'd-up Kitchen Tongs: And I have had the Honour, Sir, and Pleaſure, too, of converſing with ſome of them; when I obſerved their Converſation to correſpond pretty exactly with the Humour of their Dreſs: for inſtead of their being acquainted (as they were in the Army) with the Battles of *Marlborough*, *Eugene*, *Henry* the Vth, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Alexander* the Great, *&c.* and wiſhing to emulate them, I found they were more ſkill'd and practiſed in compounding Waſhes for the Face; Paſte for the Hands; and Trinkets for the Toilets. In ſhort, Sir, if I were to enumerate to you, the Obſervation I made, both by what I ſaw myſelf, and what I read in the daily Papers, you would only imagine I was rather endeavouring to outdo what you have advanc'd concerning our Sex, than that I was delivering a genuine Account of Truth and Obſervation; nor do I mean to ſpeak in any particular Inference concerning the Gentlemen of the Sword, that is, I mean of the Army; (by ſeeing you, Sir, that way clad) but, generally ſpeaking, thoſe who accounted themſelves the pretty Gentlemen were ſuch as I have deſcrib'd to you; and which brings to my Memory this beautiful Paſſage in *Dryden*'s *All for Love*.

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But like a Mole in Earth, buſy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
To the World's open View.

When the Hoſpitable *Clarinda* had repeated the above Lines, which ſhe expreſs'd with a great deal of Energy, our ſmart Captain could not avoid commending the Propriety of the Application; and bowing,

with

with a ſmile ſaid,——Now, Madam, I muſt confeſs that you are thoroughly even with me.——Thus they entertain'd, or at leaſt amuſed one another in their turns till about eleven o'Clock, when *Clarinda* imagining he might be glad of ſome Repoſe, told her Gueſt, that when he was diſpoſed for Bed, the Servant ſhould wait on him to his Room. Here the Captain taking this for a Signal to withdraw, roſe from his Chair, bow'd, and thank'd her Ladyſhip; the Maid immediately took up a Candle and proceeded with him to his Bed-Cnamber, where ſhe had already light up a very good Fire; and aſking him if he would have his Bed warm'd, he anſwer'd no, my dear, I had rather not.——So ſhe wiſh'd him a good Night and return'd again to her Miſtreſs; who immediately began a Diſcourſe with her about her new Gueſt, and many Encomiums on him paſs'd between them. After ſome Converſation on this Subject, *Clarinda* and her Maid lying that night together, they now went about the Houſe to ſee if all was ſecure; after which they retired to their own Apartments.

My Reader may remember, I obſerv'd above, that the Servants were all, except two, gone to a Relation of the Lady's, which was about a mile off, to celebrate a Birth-Day. This, as my Reader ſhould be here inform'd, was a Plot contriv'd on Purpoſe by that Villainous Couſin of hers, who had ſent in For me in his own Name to invite all her Servants, with her Leave, to come and ſpend the Night in Merriment at his Houſe, in Honour of his Birth-day: But in order to avoid ſeeing any Company himſelf that Day on this Occaſion, for Reaſons which our Readers will be acquainted with in due time, he a few Days before, (on Pretence of ſome Particular Buſineſs of the laſt Conſequence) ſet out in a hurry for *London*.

But, to return to the Lady. She and her Maid had been in Bed about an Hour and an half, though neither of them had been quite aſleep, when they were ſurpriſed with a kind of buſtling Noiſe in the Garden, and a Rumbling in ſome of the lower Apartments, as

they thought, and which they were the more confirm'd in by the Barking of a little Spaniel Dog in the Kitchen: The Lady no ſooner diſcovered a Murmuring of Men's Voices (which ſhe was perſuaded ſhe heard) but with great preſence of Mind, (taking it for granted that the Houſe was beſet, and that the above Gentleman, her Gueſt, was one of the Gang) ſhe Leap'd out of Bed, and not ſtaying a Moment, (her fear was ſo great) to put on any kind of Cloathing, run directly to the Captain's Apartment; which by good Fortune, ſhe found Penetrable, and the Captain faſt aſleep. However, ſhe never pauſed an Inſtant, but fell immediately upon her Knees by his Bedſide, and ſet up a moſt piteous Lamentation to the following Effect.

Sir! Sir! For the Almighty's Sake! let the Prayers and Tears of a poor diſtreſſed Lady move you to Compaſſion! whatever Wealth you find within my Houſe, you are welcome to; But ſpare the Lives of two poor Innocent Women, who neither wiſh you, nor can do you any harm.

Theſe doleful Words ſoon awak'd the Gentleman, who ſtarting from his ſleep, was quite amaz'd to find the Lady upon her Knees, and in her Shift only, at his Bedſide; and interrupting her Petition, he cry'd out.———For Heaven's ſake! Madam, what do you mean? your Words amaze me! be brief, and tell me what you fear.———Alas, Sir, reply'd the Lady, I thought you might have gueſs'd at what I have to ſay; ſome Villains are this Moment breaking into the Houſe, and unleſs you interpoſe I fear we ſhall be murder'd in a few Minutes.——Say you ſo, Madam? (quoth our young Captain, jumping out of Bed) if it be as you ſay, and that we are to die, you ſhall ſee that I'll be the firſt that will fall a Sacrifice or ſet you free: And be of good Courage, Madam, I have a Brace of good Piſtols and a Sword ready for them; and I aſſure you we'll not die eaſily while I can uſe theſe: So having ſlipt on his Breeches, he freſh prim'd his Piſtols in a Moment, and taking his Sword with him, he deſired the Lady to direct him to the

the Place where ſhe apprehended they were. Bu they had not got to the Bottom of the Stairs, before they perceiv'd the Villains were actually got into the Houſe, and heard one of them ſay to the reſt in a low Voice, " here, follow me, I know the Way to her Bed-chamber."—At this, Mr. *Gaylove* ſlipp'd immediately with the Lady into the Dining-room, and holding the Door cloſe-too in his hand, juſt as the firſt Villain came upon the Landing-Place, with a dark Lanthorn in his Hand, he let fly at him with one of his Piſtols, and ſhot him dead on the Spot; which done, he immediately call'd out, as though he had three or four more to ſecond him; at the ſame time catched hold of a Chair, and threw it down the Staircaſe with ſuch a fury, that it inſtantly frighten'd away all the reſt with the Noiſe, for it made ſuch a Clatter as though half the Houſe was falling about their Ears. After this, the Captain took up the Dark-Lanthorn, and tumbled the dead Corpſe down the Stairs before him, in hopes thereby to break ſome of his Bones, if he ſhould happen not to be quite dead: And then taking his Sword and a Candle in his left Hand, and his other Piſtol cock'd in his right, he went down in purſuit of the Rogues; but they were all fled ſafe out the ſame way they came in. However, *Clarinda* and her Maid at ſome little Diſtance, followed him all about the Houſe; when they found that the Villains had broke through a Parlour Window, from the Garden, and where their Noiſe was firſt heard, and diſcovered to the Lady and her Maid, by the Barking of a little ſpaniel Dog that lay below in the Kitchen, (as I obſerv'd before) ſo after *Gaylove* had ſecur'd the Breach where they enter'd in the beſt manner that he could; and return'd with *Clarinda* to examine the dead Body that was ſhot, how great was their Surprize when the Lady and her Maid knew it to be the very Indentical Corpſe of her Couſin, at whoſe Houſe her own Servants were that Night a Merry-making! This unexpected Diſcovery ſo affected *Clarinda*, that they had much ado to keep Life in her; but they ſoon got her to Bed, and then *Gaylove* retired to his A-

partment to dreſs himſelf, for they durſt not think of going to Sleep that Night. And after the Maid was likewiſe dreſs'd, her Miſtreſs ſent her to the Captain to beg that he would come and keep them Company in her own Room, becauſe ſhe was very Ill, and afraid to ſtay there by herſelf, which Meſſage he accordingly comply'd with; and continued with her and her Maid till the Servants all came home, which was about five o'Clock in the Morning, but the Captain having put her dead Couſin into a Cloſet, and lock'd it up, adviſed the Lady not to take any Notice of what had happen'd till the next day, which ſhe conſented to; and then, he wiſhing her a good Repoſe, retired to his Apartment to ſeek the like. About welve o'Clock ſhe and her deliverer being met at reakfaſt, they agreed to go to a Gentleman's about wo Miles from thence, who was a very worthy Perſon, and in the Commiſſion of the Peace, to whom hey unfolded the whole laſt Night's Adventure, from he Captain's firſt coming to her Houſe, even to that Hour. The Juſtice was greatly amazed at the Strangeneſs of the Story; and could not but admire the Goodneſs of Providence, in directing Mr. *Gaylove* ſo accidentally and luckily for her Preſervation. When they return'd, the Juſtice offered the Lady his Aſſiſtance in her further Management of the Affair; which ſhe accepting of, he came back in her Coach with them, where he ſaw and knew the Corpſe of her juſtly-ſhot Kinſman; and likewiſe, was a Witneſs of the Breach they had made from the Garden into he Parlour. And after they had conſulted how to proceed in the propereſt Manner, both as to the diſpoſal of the Corpſe, and the manner of publiſhing his Death, Mr. *Gaylove* demanded of the Lady, whether ſhe apprehended he could ſerve her any further in the Affair; and if not, that he might have her permiſſion to depart.

Now, I muſt here inform my Reader, that the Gentleman who was deſervedly ſhot, was the next Heir to this young Lady's Eſtate; which was very conſiderable. So that he had contracted an Agreement

ment with ſeveral reſolute and abandon'd Villains, to aſſiſt and attend him this Night, in order to diſpatch her and her Maid, and to rob the Houſe of ſuch Things as he approved of, in order to cut a Paſſage to her Eſtate, leſt ſhe ſhould marry, and have an Heir that might cut him off. So that his own Servants being all innocent and ignorant of this Deſign, were greatly ſurprized when they heard of it; and, as I obſerved before, they were all, by this Appointment, invited to his Houſe, that none of them ſhould prevent his Deſign: But Providence, with her wonted Watchfulneſs, was pleaſed to interpoſe, and prevent the Perpetration of his Villainy,

For the great Service of this happy Deliverance, the grateful *Clarinda*, who now began to feel an unſpeakable and inward Regard for the agreeable Captain, was at a Nonplus how to reward him before he left her Houſe. And at laſt, after a great deal of Debate and Reflection within herſelf, ſhe reſolved as follows, or, at leaſt, ſo it fell out: That when the Captain, with great Politeneſs, again demanded her Permiſſion to depart, and had rendered her great Thankfulneſs, and all due Acknowledgments for his good Entertainment, ſhe found an unuſual Whiſpering within her Breaſt, that inform'd her, whenever he ſhould make his Departure, it would coſt her ſome Uneaſineſs; and therefore, as ſhe knew not where, or how to enquire after him for the future; and, conſidering the agreeableneſs of his Perſon, Converſation, Behaviour and Service, ſhe, without more Heſitation, reſolved, and addreſs'd him as follows:

Sir, I look upon you as a Perſon to whom I have all the Obligations that a Woman can poſſibly have to a Man. You have not only preſerved my Life and Fortune, but alſo deſtroyed my cruel-deſign'd Murderer, at the Hazard of your own Life. You are a Gentleman of very great Worth, I am well convinced; and your polite Converſation, and prudent, generous, brave Behaviour laſt Night, ſufficiently proves to me the Greatneſs of your Merit, and the Excellence of your Underſtanding. And now, Sir, I fear I am going

ing

ing to forfeit all the good Opinion I could Wiſh you would have of me. Pray pardon my Freedom, and excuſe my Sex's Weakneſs; but I muſt proceed. I have, Sir, Two Thouſand Pounds a Year in my own Poſſeſſion; you ſee, Sir, my Perſon; and if you can like me for a Wife, and are not already engag'd (if you think you ſhall not like me the worſe for this frank Propoſal) I will make you Maſter of all I am worth in the World; nay, and would, were I worth ten times as much as I am. And now, Sir, hoping your beſt-natured Conſtruction of this free Declaration, I ſhall wait for your Pardon and your Anſwer.

At this generous and unexpected Offer, our young Captain was ſtruck aghaſt, and ſilent for ſome Minutes; but then recovering from his Suſpenſe, he thus returned:——Madam, if any thing could poſſibly add to the unſpeakable Regard I felt for you before, it muſt be this unprecedented Goodneſs; but Madam, to accept of this Bounty, in my preſent unworthy and indigent State, would prove me one of the greateſt Ingrates in the World. For in ſtrict Juſtice to your unbounded and unmerited Generoſity, Madam, I am obliged to confeſs myſelf a moſt miſerable young Fellow!, not worth a Shilling; and now, the more miſerable, by being ſo unworthy of the great Bleſſing you have now offered me.

Here, he made himſelf perfectly known to the Lady, by relating to her the chief Concerns of his Life, but particularly his low Circumſtances, and his leſs Hopes from his Father. At the ſame time he aſſured her, in a very ſolemn and feeling Manner, that if he was but in poſſeſſion of a Fortune worthy of her, ſhe was the only Perſon in the World that he ſhould ever wiſh to paſs his Life with; and as ſome Proof of it, begged that ſhe would give him Leave to make a Propoſal, on that Head, to his Father; in order to ſound how far he would contribute towards compleating their wiſh'd-for Happineſs. But *Clarinda* inſiſted, that ſince ſhe was inform'd of his Birth and Family, ſhe was ſatisfied of his Worth in every point; and if he had

had really that Love and Regard for her that he profeſs'd, he ſhould firſt promiſe to marry her, and then they would ſubmit to his Father, for what Addition he pleaſed. This he immediately complied with; and they thereupon ſolemnly engaged themſelves with each other. A few Days after, they paid an unexpected Viſit to his Father, in her Coach and Six, who, upon hearing of their whole Story, as above, was ſo tranſported with his Son's gallant Behaviour, that he immediately gave him a Fortune equal to *Clarinda*'s, and ſaw them married and bedded together.

I ſhould here further inform my Readers, that the Affections of this happy, generous, and agreeable Pair, continued to increaſe every Day, rather more than the laſt; and likewiſe, by the Deceaſe of her Couſin that was ſhot, ſhe (being the next Heir at Law) afterwards became poſſeſs'd of all his Eſtate, both perſonal and real.

Beware of Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing.

Sooner the Hawk or Vulture truſt
Than Man; of Animals the worſt.

GAY's Fab.

IT is lamentable and dreadful to reflect on, that no Species in the brute Creation behave toward one another, with half the thouſandth Part of that Fell Rapine, as Man, falſe! deſigning! ruinous! deſtructive Man! We are apt to be deluded, and led away from the Power of ſolid Reaſon, by the falſe Appearance and glittering Gugaws of the World; which, when they are properly deſected and examined, are no more like what they ſeem'd, than Sickneſs is to Health: And a prudent Perſon (who not only courſely ſees the World, but alſo reflects upon the World) will not always imagine Things to be as they appear; and, therefore, external Luſtre will only ſerve to alarm him, and put him on his Guard, rather than Claim a-

ny

ny Reſpect, Wonder or Credit from him. The World is now, either ſo polite, ſo artful, or ſo villainous, (call it which you pleaſe) that it is, in reality, an univerſal Maſquerade; nothing being in Fact, what it promiſes to the Eye. And, therefore, my Readers, remember the two following Stories, and be ſparing of your Credulity.

A very few Years ago, about one o'Clock in the Day, a Gentleman-like Man, in a Clergyman's Habit, came to Mr. Ald- —n *Wiſeman*'s, (who was a very worthy Gentleman, and a Merchant in the City of *London*) and knocking at the Door, demanded of the Servant, whether the Alderman was at home? and the Servant anſwering, no; he replied,——The Alderman has done me the Honour to aſk me to dine with him to Day. Pray, Sir, what Time do you expect him in again?——The Servant anſwered ſoon after *'Change*——Why then (replied the Sharper) I can go and diſpatch a little Buſineſs I have to do, as far as the *Tower*, and come back again time enough for Dinner.——As you pleaſe, for that, Sir, return'd the Servant.——Pray, Sir, demands the Sharper, what time does the Ald——n generally dine?——About Half an Hour after Two, anſwered the Servant.——O dear! cries the other again, I cannot go to the *Tower*, and diſpatch my Buſineſs, to be back again by that Time!——Will you pleaſe, then, to walk in Sir, (quoth the Servant) and ſit in the Parlour? There is a good Fire. And if you will pleaſe to tell me your Name, I will let my Lady know that you are here. But ſhe is now dreſſing herſelf.——Sir, I thank you, (replied the ſham Parſon) but there is no manner of Occaſion for that; I have not the Honour to be known to your Lady. I have ſometimes the Pleaſure of meeting your Maſter, indeed, upon Buſineſs; and I have ſome little to tranſact with him to Day.

To be brief, he was carried into the Parlour, where the Cloth was laid for Dinner; and the very Place my divine Gentleman heartily wiſhed to be conducted to. As ſoon as he was put into the Parlour, the

Servant

Servant (not dreaming of the Parſon's pious Deſign) went up and acquainted his Lady with all that had paſs'd between this black Gueſt and himſelf; and alſo, how he had beſtowed him. The Lady ſaid it was very well. And the Servant having, as I ſaid before, laid the Cloth, and ſet his Side-board in the very Parlour where he had placed the Parſon, went to clean and ſhift himſelf againſt his Maſter came home to Dinner. But in the mean time, my divine Viſitant perceiving a fair Opportunity, ſtrips the Table of all the Silver Utenſils, and the Side-board likewiſe, of all the ſame Metal it contained, that was portable, to the Value of Four hundred Pounds; conveyed it all under his Gown, and into his Pockets; and then was ſo very condeſcentious, as to open the Street Door for himſelf and peaceably walked off, with the whole Booty, undiſcover'd. Some little time after, the aforeſaid Servant coming into the Parlour to ſtir up the Fire, to his no ſmall Surprize, ſaw the Table was ſtript as above; and miſſing the Parſon, alarmed the Houſe in a Moment, but all to no Purpoſe; the Impoſtor was gone. And tho' they took all the moſt expeditious and proper Methods that could be thought on, they could never hear any more of the Parſon or the Plate either.

The Lucky ESCAPE.

Foglins and Friales miſtake in reading,
And count Impertinence and Folly breeding;
But Men of Senſe, above theſe Coxcomb-Airs,
Give nor receive ſuch vile, inſipid Wares.

Anonym.

IT is very probable that many of my Readers will think the following Story not worth their reading out; but, if I could hear them ſay ſo, I ſhould be apt to think, at leaſt, that they very likely ſpend their Time in reading much worſe Leſſons, and leſs profitable, if they

they would but conſider it as they ought to do; for it is become now (and Thanks be to Heaven for it, we improve in it every Day) quite faſhionable to practice impertinent Complaiſance, troubleſome Affability, and effeminate Stupidity; as though an honeſt, plain and open dealing were a Vice, and ignorant Hipocriſy was an amiable Virtue. But although theſe modiſh and high-poliſhed Qualifications are in ſuch mighty Eſteem with the caudle-headed Beau Mond and water-faced Belles of the Age, I cannot but think that my Friend *Blunt* in the following Tale, took the trueſt Method to eradicate thoſe Poiſons; and, if every honeſt *Engliſhman*, who is a real Friend to his Country, to good Senſe, and to good Manners, would follow his Example, we ſhould ſoon deſtroy the *French* Venom of ſuch inſipid and effected Vermin; and recover the ancient Spirit and Honour of our Forefathers.

It happened one Evening in the Winter, that as one Mr. *Freeman*, a young Gentleman, and his Servant, were traveling together in a ſtrange Road, they were almoſt benighted; and Rain, with Darkneſs coming on, and the Weather too being windy and cold, they enquired of a Labourer, which they happened to meet, how far it was to the next Town or Village, where they might be entertained? The Man anſwered them about Eight or Nine Miles. ——— What! ſaid Mr. *Freeman*, is there no Inn nearer than Eight or Nine Miles, that can accommodate two People and their Horſes? ——— No, Sir, returned the Man; but, if you have a Mind to ride down that Lane about half a Mile, there lives a very wealthy and hoſpitable Gentleman as any in this Country; he will entertain you well, with all his Heart, and be very glad of your Company; but it is ten to one that he drubs you well before you Part. ——— Ay! (demands our Traveller) and why ſo? Does he treat every body ſo that he entertains? ——— Yes, Sir, returned the Man, all Strangers; I think I do not know that ever I heard of any that came away without; but for all that he is as generous as a Prince; if you can eat or drink Gold, as the ſaying is, you may have it. ——— What is his Name;

Name? (demanded the Gentleman.)——'Squire *Blunt*, replied the Countryman.——Well, *John*, quoth Mr. *Freeman*, to his Servant, what is your Opinion? Shall we riſk a Drubbing by paying a Viſit to 'Squire *Blunt*, or ſhall we travel on theſe Eight or Nine Miles farther?——Troth, Sir, anſwered the Servant, if we ride Eight Miles farther in the Dark, we cannot tell what Misfortunes or Accidents may happen to us, but if you go to this Gentleman's Houſe, the worſt that can befal us (as far as I can find) is only to fare well, and be licked. If I might adviſe you, Sir, I ſhould rather chuſe the latter; and alſo to do the beſt we can, not to croſs the old Gentleman.——Why really *John*, ſaid his Maſter, I own I am of the ſame Way of thinking.——So he threw the poor Peaſant a Shilling for his honeſt Intelligence; and down the Lane they went in queſt of the hoſpitable 'Squire *Blunt*. And accordingly, in a very ſhort time, they came to a very great Houſe, that ſtood on the Margin of the Lane, finely ſituated, and very noble and beautiful to behold; and upon their Enquiry they found it to be the aforeſaid 'Squire *Blunt*'s: Upon which Mr. *Freeman* addreſſed himſelf to one of the Servants, who happened to be at the Gate, thus:——Pray, Sir, does not Mr. *Blunt* live at this fine Seat?——Yes, Sir, anſwered the Servant.——Is he at home? demanded the Gentleman.——Yes, Sir, replied the Servant, I believe ſo; he was juſt now.——Pray, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Freeman* again, will you be ſo kind as to let him know that there is a Gentleman and his Servant at his Gate, who are benighted? and, if it ſhould not be very inconvenient to his Family, we would beg the Favour of a Bed in his Houſe to Night.——Yes, anſwered the Servant, I dare ſay my Maſter will make you very welcome——

And away he went and delivered the Meſſage, as the Gentleman deſired, immediately; and in two Minutes out came the 'Squire to wait on him.——Who, with the utmoſt good Nature imaginable, deſired him to alight and walk into his Houſe; aſſuring him, that he ſhould be extremely Welcome, and that he was very

glad of his good Company. Then, he ordered his Groom to take both their Horſes, and ſee they were taken proper Care of. The other Servants were all charged not to let *John* want for any Thing that the Cellar and Pantry afforded. Mr. *Freeman* was now martialed into the Parlour to the Lady and the Neice, by the 'Squire himſelf. —— My Dear, ſaid he, here is a worthy Stranger, whom Fortune has ſent to pay us a chance Viſit; you muſt ſee and provide him a Bed. And turning to his Gueſt, ſaid to him, Sir, will you drink a Glaſs of any thing, to comfort your Stomach, after your Ride? —— Sir, I thank you; I do not care if I do, replied our Traveller. ——— What will you have, ſaid the 'Squire; Rum or Brandy, or Wine, or Uſquebagh, or any other particular Thing? Be free, and pleaſe yourſelf. ——— Sir, returned Mr. *Freeman*, I will thank you for a Glaſs of Rum. if you pleaſe. ——— Which was immediately brought to him. ——— After which, it being about the cuſtomary Hour, they ſoon drank Tea and Coffee. And that being over, the 'Squire aſked him if he choſe to play a Game at Cards with the Ladies, to divert time, till Supper was ready? With all my Heart, Sir, replied he. —— Here the Card-Table was called for; and the 'Squire, his Lady, the Neice, and their Gueſt, diverted themſelves at *Whiſt*, till Supper was ſerved up. When the 'Squire aſked him, if he might help him to the Wing of a Fowl? he was anſwered, ——— Sir, if you pleaſe, with all my Heart: and ſo likewiſe, with the ſame eaſy Compliance, through the whole time of Supper. After the Cloth was taken away, the 'Squire aſk'd his Gueſt, what Liquors he choſe to drink? who anſwered, that his fine Ale was ſo extremely good, that he preferred it to any Thing elſe; and therefore, deſired that he might keep to that; which was granted. So after they had ſat ſome time, entertaining each other with agreeable and unaffected Converſation, the hoſpitable 'Squire acquainted his Gueſt, that he would not have him to ſit up out of Complaiſance to his Family, longer than he found it agreeable to himſelf. And by and by, they all retired to Bed. But

when

when Mr. *Freeman* was taking his Leave, he was demanded of, by his Hoſt, whether he deſired to be called up in the Morning any ſooner than ordinary? And being anſwered in the Negative, they all wiſhed him a happy Repoſe. And every thing ſeemed very well, ſo far.

In the morning, about Nine o'Clock, he was called down to Breakfaſt; and being aſked which he liked beſt,——Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate; and whether he would have Bread and Butter, or Toaſt and Butter? He anſwered, Coffee, if you pleaſe, and Toaſt and Butter. After Breakfaſt was over, our young Traveller, in a very grateful and polite manner, thanked the 'Squire, and his good Lady, for their kind Hoſpitality, and begged their permiſſion to purſue his Journey. Accordingly his Horſe was got ready, when the 'Squire attended him to ſee him mount. And being now got ſafe into his Saddle, he thought himſelf very ſecure from the expected *Drubbing-bout*. And being very deſirous to know by what Means he had as yet ſo well eſcaped it, he reſolved to let the 'Squire know what the Countryman had reported of him the Night before: And his Hoſt now taking him by the Hand, and demanding of him, whether he choſe a Glaſs of any thing before he ſet forwards? He replied,——if you pleaſe, Sir, I will thank you for a Glaſs of your Rum; and, if you will promiſe not to take it amiſs of me, I ſhould be glad, Sir, to aſk you one Queſtion before I depart:——

Angry! quoth the 'Squire; far be it from me: You are a very worthy, ſenſible, young Gentleman; and you may aſk me what you pleaſe, without the leaſt Apprehenſion of my Diſpleaſure.——Sir, I am obliged to you, (replied his Gueſt) but a poor Countryman, who directed me laſt Night to your hoſpitable Houſe, when I deſpaired of reaching the next Village, informed me that you were a very generous Gentleman (as indeed I have found you) and would freely entertain me; but that it was a thouſand to one (he ſaid) that you did not give me a hearty *Drubbing* before we parted: For that he had never heard of any one

Stranger that had 'ſcaped it. Now, Sir, if this be true (continued he) I ſhould be glad to be informed, by what Accident I have the good Luck, as yet, to avoid it, and ſo likely to depart in good Friendſhip with you. ——— Why, Sir, anſwered the 'Squire, I will tell you, truly, how the Affair ſtands. What the Fellow told you, concerning my general Quarrel with my Gueſts, was true enough; and I will give you my Reaſon for it: I thank Providence I have a very good Eſtate; and, I believe, few People keep a better Houſe than I do. And you muſt know, Sir, that I am never better pleaſed, than when I have ſome agreeable Gueſts to keep me Company; nor do I ever ſhut my Door againſt a Stranger. But then, you muſt know, Sir, that there are ſo many impertinent, troubleſome, ſtupid Coxcombs in the World, that I muſt own, before they leave my Houſe, they generally provoke me to uſe them as they deſerve. When I am willing, nay, proud to entertain them, with the beſt I have; and aſk one of them——Sir, what do you chuſe to drink?——What you pleaſe, Sir, ſays he; as though I aſked them to drink not to pleaſe themſelves, but to pleaſe me. When I aſk another——Sir, what ſhall I help you to? Do you like Coffee or Tea? Will you have Toaſt, or Bread and Butter? The anſwers I generally receive to theſe Queſtions, are,—— juſt as you pleaſe, Sir, it is the ſame Thing to me; I do not care which; I had as lief have one as the other, and ſuch like. ——— Now, Sir, theſe inſipid and inſolent Anſwers (for I can call them no better) weary my Patience beyond all bearing: For in my Opinion, Sir, it is great impatience, and very ill Uſage; and therefore, as the Man told you, we generally quarrel about it; but none, I think, have ever yet had Senſe enough to find out the Cauſe. Now, Sir, when I aſked you what you would drink, you choſe Rum; when I demanded whether you would play a Game at Cards, to divert you, you anſwered, with all your Heart. At Supper, do you like the Wing of a Fowl? ———If you pleaſe.———Shall I help you to a Bit of Tart?—— With all your Heart.———Do you

chuſe

chuſe Wine, Ale, Cyder, or Punch? ——Sir, I like your Ale beſt.——In the Morning, would you have Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate?——Coffee, if you pleaſe. ———Toaſt and Butter, or Bread and Butter? —— I chuſe Toaſt and Butter.——And ſo forth.——Thus, Sir, you find it is owing to your own Merit and good Senſe, that you have not been treated as the reſt of my Gueſts have hitherto generally been. And if ever you travel this Way again, I deſire, Sir, that you will call and ſee me; for I do aſſure you that not a Man in the World ſhall ever be more welcome.

Here Mr. *Freeman* repeated his Thanks; and, after ſome ſmall Ceremonies had paſſed on each Side, he ſet off, in Purſuit of his Journey, very well ſatisfied with his Night's Entertainment, and his having eſcaped from the Danger of a *Drubbing*.

Hell, a cold Place: Sound Doctrine.

Why ſeek we Truth from Prieſts?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlot's Tears;
The Tradeſman's Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Prieſts tell.
Oh! why has Prieſthood Privilege to lie,
And yet to be believed?

THO' the Title of my preſent Story may ſeem a Paradox to many of my Readers; yet, to others, I doubt not but it would have been the ſame, had it been reverſed. And to ſpeak Truth, I can ſee but very little Reaſon to believe the one, any more than the other: Nor can I any-wiſe diſcern, why the *Scotch* Parſon (in my following Tale) had not as much Right, and as much Reaſon to affirm, that Hell is a perpetual cold Place, as any Divine in *Europe* has to aſſert, that it is a continual hot one: And eſpecially as he proved it to anſwer the ſame End, to the full as well, if not better. But however,

as

as it will not anſwer my Purpoſe to enlarge upon thoſe controverſal Points, here, I ſhall ſubmit them to thoſe, whoſe Province and Livelihood it is to wrangle and puzzle, and impoſe upon the World about it, in the beſt Manner they can.

Mr. *Engliſh*, a *Shropſhire* Gentleman, being called by ſome Affairs into *Scotland*, went one Day into one of their Kirks, to hear a Sermon, I know not whence the Parſon took his Text, but the Story ſays he laboured very hard to keep his Flock in the right Way; and the better to deter them from evil Deeds, he endeavoured, like a very learned and wiſe Divine, to expound and illuſtrate that mighty Contraſt between Heaven and Hell. The Reader muſt here take Notice, that this divine and inſtructive Sermon, was preached in very cold and comfortleſs Weather, which gave the good Miniſter a fine Opportunity of turning it to the greateſt Benefit of his Hearers.

My gude People (quo' he) an ye don't live a righteous Life, and ſerve Gode, yo'll aw gang to the De'el! And d'you ken what a ſad Thing it is to be damn'd 'Tis ne ſmaw Thing to think on. For when? once you come to Hell, the de'el a bit a Fire yo'll ha', an it were to ſave your Souls; there you mon aw live in everlaſting Froſt and Snow, and Cold. And by this little bad Weather in *Scotland*, you may aw eaſily gueſs what a ſad Thing it is to be without Fire; an your poor Souls freezing without End.—— At the ſame time, he omitted not to let them know, what a comfortable warm Place Heaven is; that it is like a continual Summer; and not only ſo, but that there is always aw gude Things in great Plenty.

Mr. *Engliſh* was a good deal ſurprized at this new Doctrine, and reſolved, if poſſible, to have a little Talk with the Doctor about it. And accordingly, as ſoon as the Service was over, he placed himſelf in a proper Place to wait till the Parſon came out; whom he addreſs'd as follows:——Doctor, your moſt obedient! You made a moſt agreeable Diſcourſe,

courſe, indeed. But I ſhould take it very kind of you, would you permit me to aſk you one Queſtion? ——What is it? Lad, (quoth the Parſon) Nay, aſk it and welcome.——Thank you, Doctor, replied Mr. *Engliſh*; why, the Queſtion I ſhould be glad to have reſolved, is, Sir, how it comes to paſs, that the Clergy in my Country, and the Clergy in this Country, differ ſo widely concerning the Doctrine of Hell? Ours inform us, that it is a moſt inſufferable and outrageous Place of ever-burning Torments; and your Doctrine, you know, Sir, has been the reverſe.

Faith, Lad, (quo' he) and they are very much in the right on't!——Why then, Sir, (replied Mr. *Engliſh*) your own Doctrine muſt be manifeſtly wrong.——Ne! ne! Lad, (quoth the Doctor) but I am right too! ——How can that be, (demands Mr. *Engliſh*, with ſome Surprize) If your two Doctrines are manifeſtly oppoſite and contrary, how, in the Name of Reaſon, can you be both right?—— Why, Sir, (replied the Parſon) I ken weel enough, that ye are ne *Scotſman*; an that ye came frae a gude warm Climate, well provided with aw Sorts of Firing; but take ye this Notice, that it is ever the Duty and Buſineſs of a Divine, to frame his Diſcourſe according to his Auditors; then ye ma' very well ken, Sir, that ſhould I tell my Congregation that Hell was a hot Place, and much Fire in't, de'el o'my Saul, Sir, but (in order to get there as ſoon as they could) they wou'd aw ſtrive which o'them ſhould be damn'd faſteſt.

F I N I S.

BOOKS, Printed and ſold by JAMES ESDALL, on *Cork-hill*.

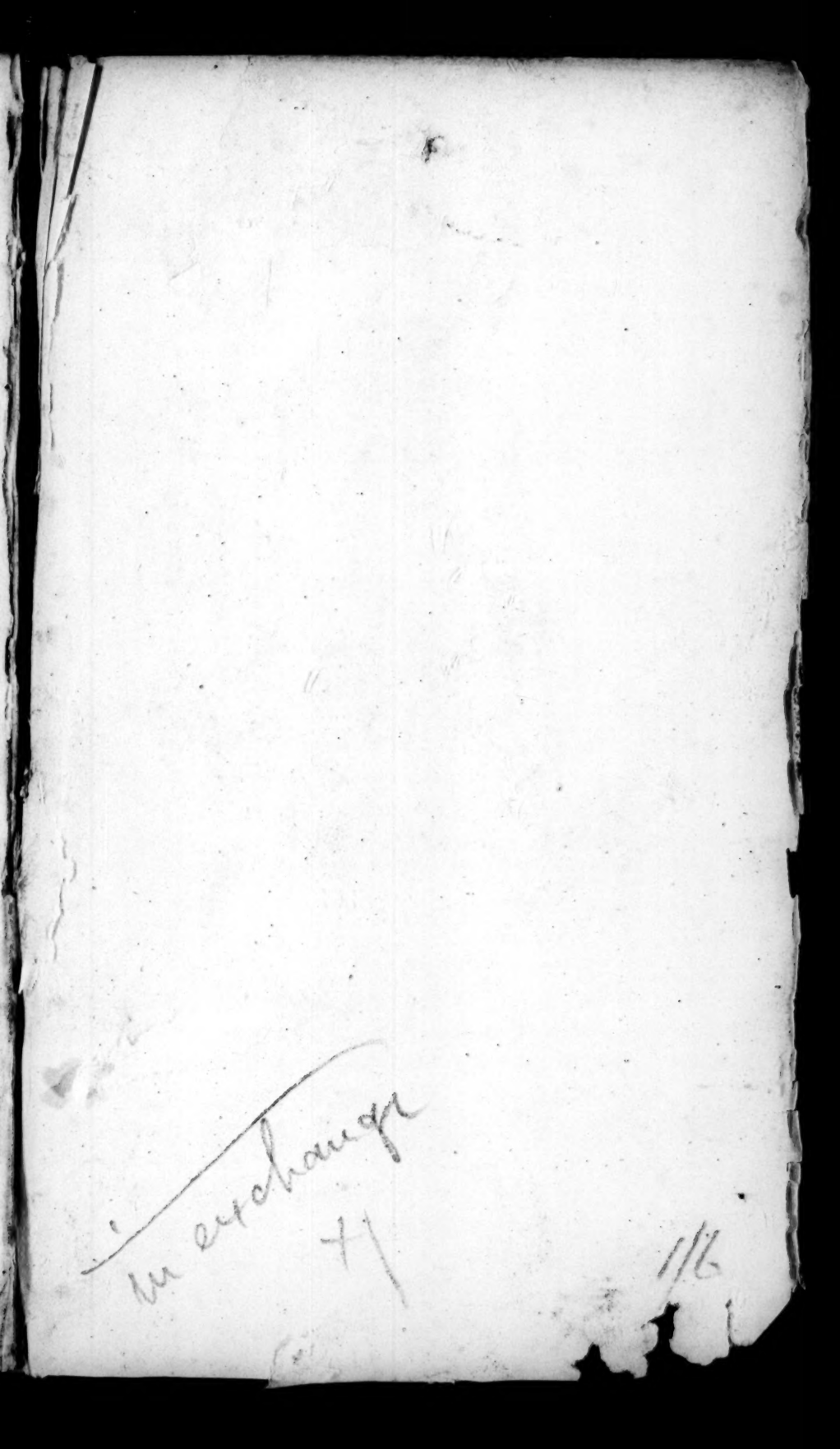
A Collection of Poems. In two Volumes, by ſeveral Hands, publiſhed by R. Dodſely. The third Edition. To which are added, Hammond's love Elegies, The Battle of the Sexes, Akinſide's Odes, The Nymph of Briſtol Spring, an Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard, and ſome Pieces, written by Henry Brooke, Eſq; and others. Price bound 5s. 5d. and ſewed 4s. 4d.

The CIRCLE of SCIENCES. In eight Volumes, Intended to make the Youth of each Sex univerſally beloved and admired; and to make them rich, wiſe and happy. Containing, I. Grammar made eaſy to young Gentlemen and Foreigners.——II. Arithmetick made eaſy.——III. Rethorick made eaſy——IV. Poetry made eaſy.——V. Logic made eaſy.——VI. Geography made eaſy, and embelliſhed with a map of the World.——VII. Chronology made eaſy.——VIII. An eaſy ſpelling Dictionary, on a new Plan.——Price neatly bound in red Leather and gilt 8s. 8d.——Note, THE SPELLING DICTIONARY, which is the laſt Volume, may be had ſeparate. Price 1s. 7d. half.

MANNERS. Tranſlated from the French of Les Mœurs. Wherein the Principles of Morality, or ſocial Duties, Piety, Wiſdom, Prudence, Fortitude, Juſtice, Temperance, Love, Friendſhip, Humanity, &c. are deſcribed in all their Branches; the Obligations of them ſhewn to conſiſt in our Nature, and the Enlargement of them ſtrongly enforced. Price 2s. 2d.

The Minor Engliſh Poets; or, the Works of the moſt celebrated Authors, of whoſe Writings there are but ſmall remains. In 2 Volumes. Price bound 5s. 5d.

Odes of Pindar, tranſlated with Notes, by Gilbert Weſt, Eſq; price bound 2s. 2d. ſewed 1s. 7d. halfpenny.

The Modern Gazetteer: Or a ſhort View of the ſeveral Nations of the World; abſolutely neceſſary for rendering the Publick News and other Hiſtorical Occurrences, intelligible and entertaining. By Mr. Salmon, Author of modern hiſtory. Price 3s. 6d. bound.

8 NOV 84
MUSEUM